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EVE

With which is incorporated
THE WOMAN'S SUPPLEMENT

June 23, 1926

THE LADY'S PICTORIAL

Hugh Cecil

Lady Mary Thynne

Good looks, elegance and charm of manner are inestimable assets, and Lady Mary Thynne, possessing all three, has naturally a perfect army of friends. The youngest daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Bath came of age two years ago, and is a very important member of society's smartest set

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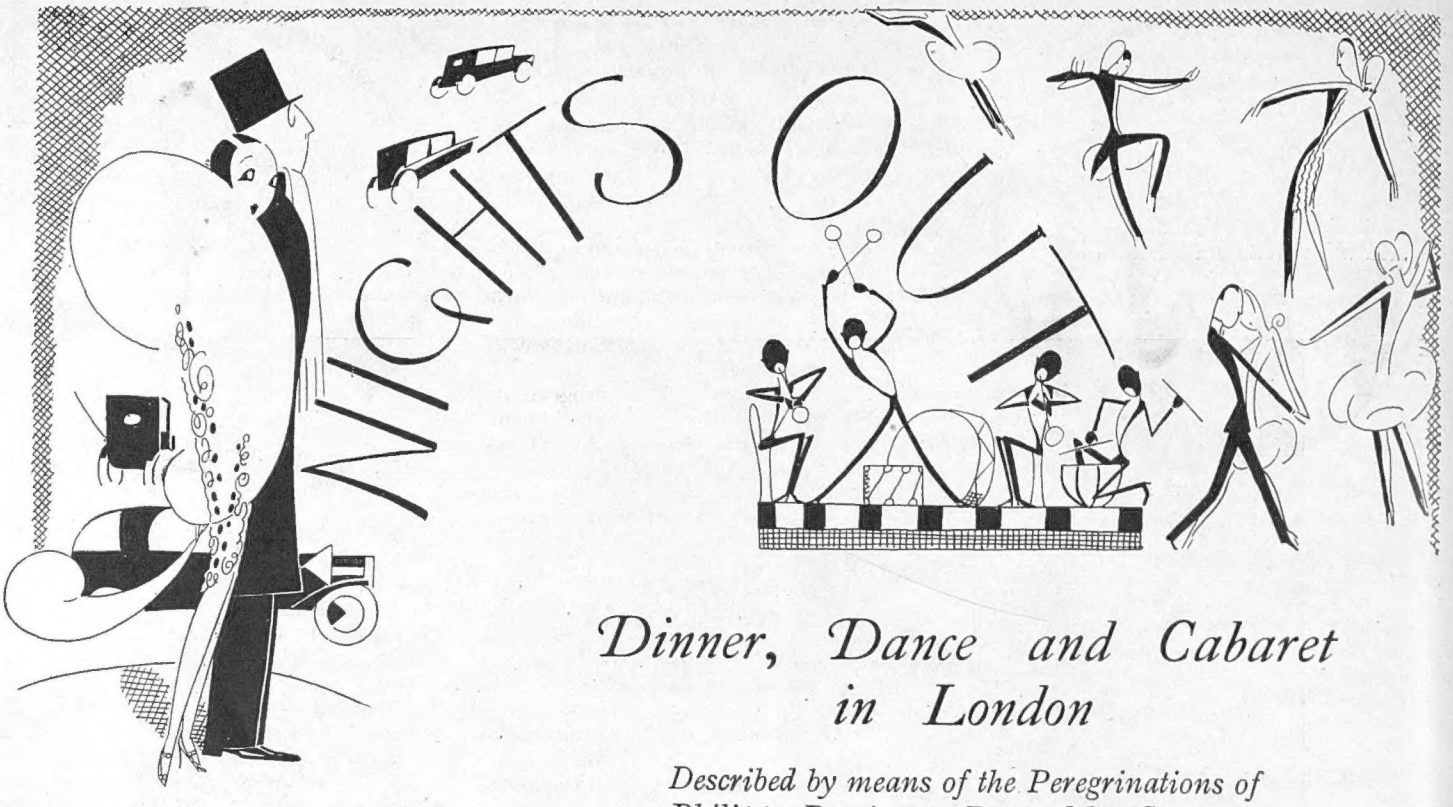


No. 6. THE KIT-CAT CLUB

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret in London

Described by means of the Peregrinations of Philippa Passington-Pry and her Cavaliers

By Sydney Tremayne

Illustrated by "FISH"

EVE and William Blake Kayshorton took Philippa and Freddie Boulter to a play. It was lovely. South Sea Islands, simple humour about beds and girls and whisky; beautiful, passionate, brown Islanders and a magnificent thunderstorm, which reminded one of London in Derby week. After such an orgy of emotion they felt they must go on somewhere for supper to forget the sorrows and discuss the figure of the Tahaitan maid.

Strange as it may appear Philippa had never been to the Kit-Cat Club and so as nothing is more amusing than being initiated except being the initiator, they decided to take her there. Philippa liked William Blake and so to give him the full flavour of the experience, the moment she crossed the threshold she became very round-eyed and *ingénue* and positively blinked at the bright lights. She had the knack of flattering as well as mocking with her silences.

Having disposed themselves around the table of their choice, the Kayshorton party gave themselves up to the selection of supper. They were individualists, and eventually such divers dishes as consommé glacé, kippers, hot quails, cold ham, poulet Jeannette and strawberries were ordered, with beer, champagne and Cognac to quench or stimulate their thirst.

"Are all night-clubs financed by a syndicate of kipper vendors?" asked Freddie.

"On the contrary," William assured him. "Night-clubs have practically killed the breakfast industries, and it is only on the supper table that bacon and eggs, kippers and haddocks make their last forlorn protest against extinction."

Philippa surveyed the room, or rather its occupants; she confided to William that she thought to be a success a dancing place ought to be full of very familiar or very strange faces.

"But the stranger they are the more familiar they become," he countered. Philippa smiled, if a trifle vaguely and studied the congregation.

There were a lot of young, pretty and tall girls and an equal number of not very young and unusually short men. Two extra long, good-looking youths were quite conspicuous. It would have been a close thing if there had been a competition for the shortest man there but the prize would have gone to a very compact comedian who, wherever he is going to, came from Arcadia. He was dancing with a charmingly pretty, vivacious blonde about the same height as himself. A sweet little couple. The Greatest Living Showman was there with a party which included another of the blondes preferred by gentlemen, whose long golden hair was massed at the back of her head. A thin pretty face and a mass of short curly fair hair was supping with one of the youngest and darkest

Americans who have to come such thousands of miles to their bars looking for the kick in a cocktail at the Kit-Cat

If you can't change your ways change your "hes." Philippa puts three more Musketeers on the waiting list

of the millionaire motor magnates of the moment. There was such a predominance of blondes that Philippa suggested sending a petition to Anita Loos asking her to write a book about brunettes before it was too late.

The admirable saxophonic syncopation of Al Starita's band soon had the whole party on the excellent dancing floor. The now familiar expedient of changing the lighting to lull or stimulate according to the suggestion of the tune, is subtly accomplished at the Kit-Cat by means of hidden lights which gleam through the glass insertions in the roof.

"'Shortly after twelve' some marvellous Spanish dancers come on," Eve volunteered.

Philippa studied the programme. The large Jacobean gentleman outside Christopher Cat's small establishment in Shire Lane in 1703 which decorated the cover, Freddie Boulter told her facetiously was a portrait of himself.

"Then that explains why the programme is so full of 'coming attractions,'" she murmured. Though she did not mean anything in particular everyone laughed, so she tried to think out her own joke, but came to the conclusion that it is often when you mean least that other people understand you best.

According to plan, shortly after twelve the attraction of the evening made its appearance, a picturesque, plush upholstered group. A gentleman with the regulation corslet trousers of toreador inspiration, but in purple alpaca with a plush coat to match, with white boots and face and hair parted in the middle, did a marvellously staccato Spanish dance and clapped himself all the time; then a gentleman with a face that Billy Bennet might envy and a red plush coat accompanied the badinage of the assembly with soft Spanish music, after which the purple and white gentleman returned with a señora of the approved pattern and they had a little stamping match all to themselves.

"Now I like that cabaret," said Freddie, "it's different to everything else in town."

"Yes, I like it being different," Philippa answered softly.

"As a matter of curiosity we ought to look in at the American bar," Freddie suggested, "all the genuine Americans go there."

"What d'you mean by that?" from

(*Continued on page* 684)

Dancing by synthetic moonlight to those saddening, maddening melodies

When feathers were in fashion and hats were erections rather than confections. A photograph of Lady Headfort taken at a sale organised by the Duchess of Sutherland at Stafford House in 1909

Rita Martin

How can one know the truth about woman, when not only every era but every decade tells a different story about her mentality and even about her form? This is Lady Headfort as she was in 1909

Hugh Cecil

One is surprised today, when simplicity and sophistication are one, by the ingenuousness of the effects produced in rather complicated manner, with flounces and flowers, both in photographs and fashion ten years ago. A portrait of Lady Headfort in 1916.

OTHER DAYS, OTHER FASHIONS

No. 6

The Marchioness of Headfort

WONDERFUL WIMBLEDON

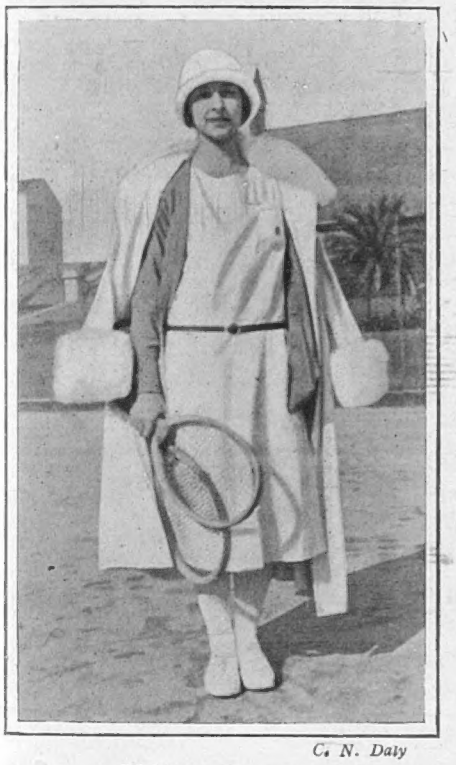
Players and prospects for this year's great struggle for feminine supremacy

THERE is no doubt that the greatest feature of this year's jubilee meeting at Wimbledon will be the women's play, for, relatively speaking, there is a far stronger entry than in the men's events, and in fact I very much doubt if there has ever been as good a one. Certainly never a better, so that we can therefore congratulate ourselves upon the opportunity which we should have for watching some really fine play. Of course, it is a thousand pities that poor Miss Wills is unlikely to play, for she had worked so painstakingly and so well in Paris ever since she returned from Italy in the early spring. Taking lessons most regularly from Darsonval, and generally training and improving herself in her hard-court play. So well had she done this that several people who saw her play just before she was taken ill said that they considered she had improved at least half fifteen since her visit to the South, and this being the case we should have had the prospect of a really wonderful meeting with Miss Lenglen. As it is, of course, the French champion will find no one new to test her skill, excepting the Spanish girl champion, Mlle. Lili d'Alvarez, a most brilliant and temperamental young player, who may or may not produce a marvellous game when the time comes, and if she is able in the limited time at her disposal to become accustomed to the grass courts upon which she has never played before. This is her first visit to England, and as I write she is making her first public appearance in the Kent championships. She should be well worth watching, for her style is "as pretty as a picture," as someone remarked to me on seeing her play this winter. Besides being a fine lawn tennis player, Miss Lili has a very strong personality of her own. She is quite a character already, although she is only twenty-one, for she can speak no less than five languages fluently, is a beautiful skater, a fine golfer, an equally good dancer, bridge and billiards player, besides being (as I know from personal experience) a most accomplished and fearless motorist.

Another young player who is making her debut at the Championships this summer is little Mlle. Contostavlos, a cousin of Mlle. "Diddie" Vlasto (who she very recently defeated easily in the French championships) and a member of the same club at Marseilles.

"Bash"-ful fifteen

Miss Betty Nuttall, girl champion of England, who, in spite of her youth, has already a wide experience of tournament play. Her strokes have amazing power



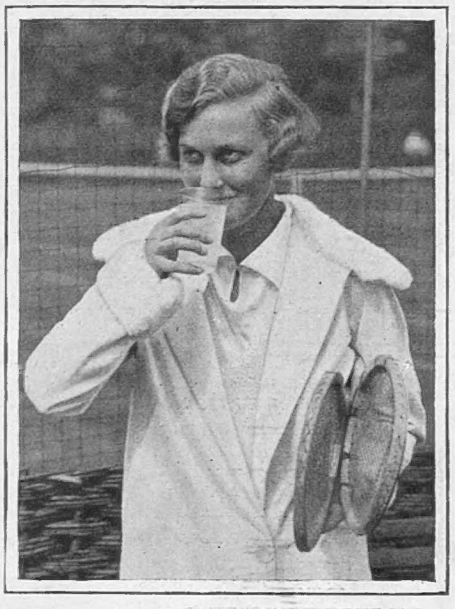
C. N. Daly

Mlle. Vlasto

A brilliant exponent of the game, whose play is closely modelled on that of Mlle. Lenglen

Let 'em all come

Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen with Miss Mary K. Browne (U.S.A.), her victim in the final of the French Hard Courts Championship



A lovely thirst

Miss D. Soames has a long drink after a strenuous match

There is no doubt that this young girl has the making of a wonderful tennis player, for she has literally no weaknesses and is apparently quite untiring. All her strokes are easy and made without an effort, and I shall be immensely interested to see how she will accustom herself to the altered conditions for Lili D'Alvarez. She has never played on anything but a hard court, upon which, as I say, she is pretty nearly unbeatable. She is a shy girl and not the less attractive for that in these days of self-assurance. I do not know how she will stand the ordeal of the Centre Court, but once there I am pretty certain that the "gallery" will find a place for her in their hearts at once. Yet a third newcomer is playing her first Wimbledon, the youngest, I feel sure, of all the competitors there and certainly not the least. This is Miss Betty Nuttall, aged just fifteen, and quite the best girl player of her age in the world to-day. Betty plays a thoroughly good hard hitting "all court" game, which is going to take her very far indeed unless anything unforeseen happens. She has literally no nerves, and, better still, no mannerisms. She just plays the game for the love of it, and takes things as they come. Her cheery smile is quite a permanent affair and I have seen her struggling

(*Continued on page* 619)

In their garden

LONDON WELCOMES THE GUITRYS TO THE GAIETY

Sacha Guitry and his wife, Yvonne Printemps, opened at the Gaiety on Monday in "Mozart," the adorable play with music by Renaldo Hahn, in which they have charmed all Paris for seven months — something of a record for Paris. Sacha Guitry was educated at eleven schools and prides himself on having been a "splendid failure" at them all. He was still at school when his first play "Le Page" attracted the attention of all the leading dramatists in Paris. Since then he has written sixty-one. Mlle. Yvonne Printemps began her stage career, when she was thirteen, in revue. She now acts only in her husband's plays, and in "Mozart" she is more fascinating than ever

Photographs by Sasha

under all sorts of trying conditions: bad umpiring, bad courts, and a dozen other things which would have upset many a grown-up player but which only made her smile the more. Certainly she has the ideal tennis temperament and I most heartily wish her success both in her singles and in the doubles events in which she is partnered by that brilliant young stylist Miss Peggy Saunders, and the famous boy player W. H. Austin respectively.

I do not think that "Suzanne" has left herself very much time in which to practise on grass this season, for she will not, of course, finish in Paris until a bare six days before the meeting at Wimbledon commences. However, she is always amazing in the way in which she is able to get used to the grass courts, and I feel pretty sure that she will be right up to form when the time comes. It is undoubtedly her wonderful "touch" which enables her to do this, for she literally seems to revel in the more uncertain bound of the grass courts, although, of course, she has played all her life on a hard surface, and except at Wimbledon never plays on grass at all! This summer, however, I hear that she is going to break her rule at last, and after the championships she will play in Lady Wavertree's big charity match on the fifth of July, after which I hear that she intends playing in the Midland Championships (Edgbaston) and after that in Dublin, before returning to France in time for the big meeting in Deauville, which is always tremendously good fun. Miss Ryan intends returning to America with the women's team directly Wimbledon is over, for she has made up her mind to have a bid for the American championship again this season and is very wisely going over in plenty of time to get acclimatised. She had such bad luck last year in getting ill right in the middle of the meeting that one can only hope she will have a bit of good fortune coming to her this time to make up for it. As a doubles player she is quite equal, in my mind, to "Suzanne," her volleying being so decisive that whereas she perhaps makes more errors in her ground strokes she scores a great number of "aces" overhead, and is an unequalled exponent of the "drop" shot in its every form and variety.

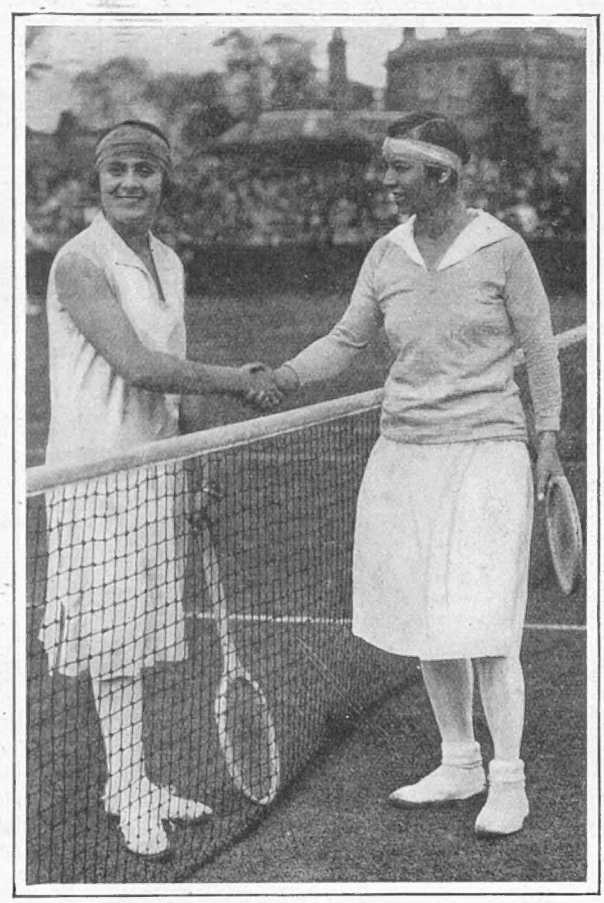
Of our English players, Mrs. Godfree of course comes first with, I think, Miss Fry as a good second. They should both do good work this summer and certainly they both have that most valuable of all assets—a real fighting spirit to carry them through. Miss Fry in particular never knows when she is beaten, as witness her victory over Miss Ryan only a few days ago in Paris. She is never so dangerous as when she is behind and her opponents can never reckon to have won the match until the final stroke has been played. Miss Fry will retrieve balls apparently completely unplayable and is quite untiring. I do wish that she had a better second service, for at present I consider that it is a bad weakness in her game, but her back-hand, which last year was a great source of trouble to her, has improved a very great deal and although it is still a somewhat ungainly stroke, is quite a sound one. I am looking to Miss Evelyn Colyer and Miss Eileen Bennett to supply some of the "fireworks" of the meeting, for they are both of them very fine volleyers (Miss Colyer especially so), with an excellent idea of the modern doubles game and no intention of ever letting the rallies go on unduly. Miss Bennett has got a very fine service when it is functioning, and her forehand drive, too, is much more of a regular affair than it was last season when she was rather inclined to overdrive the court. Mrs. McIlquham, Miss Honor Woolrych and Mrs. Strawson share the honours for hard hitting amongst the English ladies, I fancy, and two newcomers who I think should be looked at are Miss Goldsack (who won the Northern meeting so decisively a few weeks ago) and Miss E. Norman, quite a young player with a very pretty style. Mrs. Shepherd-Barron is an unorthodox player, who is very hard to beat and, of course, the two Beckingham sisters will be amongst the entrants in the doubles, for they are a couple of untiring young players who seem to play a tournament every week of the year. We shall all be glad to see the American women back again, more especially as they bring with them a famous player of whom we have heard much but never seen, Miss Mary Browne, who will, I understand, in the absence of Miss Wills, partner Miss Ryan (who is now, of course, representing America) in the doubles event. Mrs. Jessop, Mrs. Mallory and Miss Goss we all know well, and I am only sorry that that very charming person, Mrs. Wightman, will not be included in the team this season. Of course, we shall miss the South African and the Australian girls and especially Miss Akhurst, who was quite a delightful player to watch, although she, too, was taken ill before the championships last year and had to fall out at the last moment, much to everyone's disappointment. I am afraid we shall have very few women players from Italy and Belgium, although I am glad to hear that Madame and Mlle. Bowman (who recently won a very large tournament in Berlin) are both playing in the Dutch team and have entered together in the doubles. The Duke of York's entry in the men's double event is a very interesting one, and another player who will be warmly welcomed is Lord Cholmondeley, whose recent accident to his arm has put him out of tennis ever since the early spring.

EVELINDA

C. N. Daly

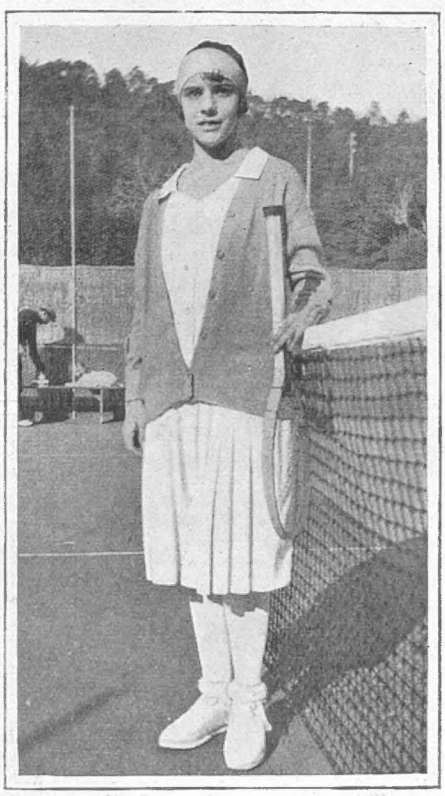
Two British hopes

Miss Joan Fry with Mrs. L. A. Godfree. Miss Fry played very well to beat Miss Ryan in the French Hard Courts Championship, and later took three games off Mlle. Lenglen



Mlle. d'Alvarez and Mrs. Mallory

The Spanish player defeated Mrs. Mallory (U.S.A.) in the final of the Kent Championship at Beckenham



C. N. Daly

Modern Greece

Mlle. Contostavlos a young Greek player who has competed in many tournaments on the Riviera

Bassano

Sir Hugh and Lady Lucas-Tooth

Lady Lucas-Tooth, who is Sir Robert Findlay's daughter, was presented on June 10 by her mother-in-law, Mrs. Hugh Warrand. Her husband is member for the Isle of Ely

Lord Chetwynd's only daughter (on the right) was presented at the second Court by her aunt, the Hon. Mrs. Merry of Belladrum. Her charming Court frock was of silver lace over pale pink

"TO HAVE THE HONOUR"

Guests of the King and Queen at the June Courts

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Eve Chetwynd

Hay Wrightson

Viscount and Viscountess Scarsdale

Lady Scarsdale wore a Court gown of flesh pink, embroidered with mother of pearl and silver

Hay Wrightson

Mlle. de Fleurian

Daughter of H. E. the French Ambassador, M. A. de Fleurian, presented at the first Court

SECOND THOUGHTS ON FIRST NIGHTS

"Nor do I detest and abjure either great wigs or long beards. . . . Mark only, I write not for them."—STERNE

By Sir Topaz

"Down Hill"
Queen's Theatre

BEAUTIFUL Ivor had been playing beautiful football in a school practice game. So he made his fag bring him a basin of hot water and then proceeded to wash his beautiful feet. Lovingly, exquisitely did he wash them, while the audience doted first on one little toe and then on another. Ivory are the feet of Ivor, and jewelled were the twenty minutes or so which went to their laving. Dialogue was going on hereabouts, but one heard it not. There was also some story as to a breaking out of bounds and the seduction of a young woman in a tuck-shop, but none listened. It was not until Mr. Novello had resumed his stockings that one could pay reasonable attention to the play.

THE rest of the act was very good. The first scene occurred in the Headmaster's study, where beautiful and athletic Mr. Novello and his unbeautiful, over-studious chum were confronted by the blackmailing young woman. She looked down on Mr. Novello's beautiful feet and judged by their encasing that he was the son of richer parents than the other fellow. And as the amorous encounter had taken place in the dark at the back of the shop she might, for all she knew, be speaking the truth. So Mr. Novello shouldered the burden of paternity and endured expulsion rather than that his chum, who was of poor parents, should lose the Greengage Scholarship, or whatever it was. (Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith acted particularly well as the Headmaster.) Alas, that when Mr. Novello got home, his parents behaved quite unbeautifully! His father was a bully, his sister was a viper, and his mother was a soft-hearted noodle, and the three between them made the poor fellow's life a hell. Whereupon Mr. Novello went out beautifully into the night with tuppence in his pocket, but in his breast high courage and a swelling heart.

BUT before you can go down hill you have to go up hill, and so Mr. Novello began to climb the arduous ladder which leads to musical comedy success. In plain English, he got a job as a chorus-boy at the Casino Theatre. Here he looked more beautiful than ever in his polo costume. And he made love humbly yet passionately, chivalrously yet brutally, to the vulgar little hussy who was the Casino's bright particular star. But she, it appeared, belonged strictly to the highest bidder, and foreseeing that she might fall in love with Mr. Novello, and realising how far four pounds a week will go, quietly gave him the push. And so out into the night the boy went once more, but carrying in his breeches pocket a ticket for the Calcutta Sweep. This ticket drew a horse—an outsider but still a horse. And the horse got second, which brought our young hero forty thousand pounds. So Mr. Novello took a flat, carefully modelled on the sort of thing you see in the plays by Mr. Noel Coward, and having given the musical comedy lady half the forty thousand pounds, proceeded to squander the remainder on champagne, unsuccessful play-promoting and dud mining shares. And when he had got to his last penny the musical comedy lady, having been drunk every night for three weeks, threw him out of her flat. So out into the world he went once more with nothing to rely upon but his beauty.

THE next we saw of Mr. Novello was in a private room of a restaurant in Paris where he was a professional dancer, and an American young lady gave him two thousand francs to enable him to learn to play the piano. And it appeared that two thousand francs was exactly the amount the boy required for a further supply of cocaine. For you must know that beautiful Mr. Novello had become a drug fiend. The next we saw of him was in a garret at Marseilles after he had been found lying in the streets of that delectable city with his head cut open. He had lost his reason, together with his power of speech, had taken to looking like a Chinese, and had consented willy-nilly to fetch and carry for, and live with, a mulatto lady. The lady had a heart, however, and agreed to pay three pounds to a Swedish skipper to take Mr. Novello back to his parents. The skipper agreed and all went well until the Swedish boat was moored in the Thames, whereupon Mr. Novello gave his beneficent captor the slip. And he was just about to chuck himself into the river, when, as luck would have it, his old school chum turned up with the good news that Mr. Novello's father had died, leaving him a fortune. The chum proposed that his friend should invest the same in his school in Vancouver. "By all means," replied Mr. Novello, "providing we can go round by New York." And we realise that the young American lady did not expend those two thousand francs in vain.

Muray Studios

Jean Cadell

In her classic part of "Miss Shoe." This talented Scotch actress, because of her ability to lift the tragi-humorous character of the spiteful spinster to the realms of art, seems to be condemned to the reiterated portrayal of the kind of character she acted so brilliantly in "At Mrs. Beam's"

NOW, if you are going to ask me to put my hand on my heart and declare that this is a good play, I am afraid I cannot oblige. Miss Constance Collier and Mr. Novello, who are the joint authors, are far too clever not to know that it is the purest tosh put together for the purpose of exploiting Mr. Novello's personal attractions. They have succeeded, and when the thing reaches the films they will succeed again. What I like about this piece is that it so obviously doesn't pretend to be anything else except a money-maker. It is at least unpretentious, and one feels that to criticise it æsthetically would be to commit an act of both impertinence and folly. Let it be said straight away that the thing without Mr. Novello would be frankly unendurable and that with him it is more than bearable. For in addition to his beauty and charm Mr. Novello is a steadily improving actor. As an author it would be a discourtesy to suggest that he is anything but frankly insincere. But as an actor he is sincerity itself. He wants, and wants passionately, to please, and his bows before the curtain show with disarming *naïveté* the immensity of his gratification at having pleased. I liked very much a tiny performance by Mr. Glen Byam Shaw, and Miss Phyllis Monkman gave an imitation of a vulgar musical comedy lady which those acquainted with that world assured Sir Topaz to be quite incredibly veracious.

GOING NORTH

Some of those who will be entertaining or entertained in Scotland when the "Season" ends

Lewis

Miss Mary Askew
(right)

The daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Askew of Ladykirk, Norham-on-Tweed, Berwickshire, had a dance given for her in Cadogan Square on June 9. Miss Askew is a great-granddaughter of the last Baron Marjoribanks

Speaight

The Countess of Cassillis
(left)

Lady Cassillis, the Earl of Ailsa's daughter-in-law, is a sister of Sir Edward MacTaggart-Stewart. She had a fête last week at her home, Newhailes, Musselburgh, in aid of the League of Mercy for Scottish Hospitals, and for the National Council of Women

Yevonde

Lady Dunedin, C.B.E.

The second wife of Lord Dunedin whose Perthshire home, Stenton, has just been sold. Lady Dunedin recently addressed a meeting in Glasgow on Publicity

Lafayette

The Hon. Olive Campbell

Marcus Adam

The Countess of Ancaster

The beautiful American wife of Lord Ancaster, who owns Drummond Castle, Crieff. Lady Ancaster goes to Scotland early in August for two months

Lafayette

The Hon. Joan Ogilvie Grant

The only daughter of Lord and Lady Strathspey was born in 1907. She is a cousin of the young Countess of Seafield

The Hon. Olive Campbell is the daughter of Lord and Lady Blythswood who will entertain the Duke and Duchess of York in August at Penrice Castle. Their Scottish home is Blythswood House, Renfrew

Alice Hughes

Lady Jean Dalrymple

The elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair. Lady Stair organised the Set Reels at the Caledonian Ball on June 7. She and her family expect to spend August and September at Lochinch, their place in Wigtownshire

EVE GOES FISHING IN THE SOCIAL SEAS

A new form of dramatic criticism—Day once more takes precedence of night—Music goes into Society

MY theory that the audience is much more important than the play and that the "higher criticism" tends more and more to recognise the fact, was marvellously borne out last week by the notices of the opening of Diaghileff's Russian Ballet season. "Brilliant first night at His Majesty's" read the headlines, and there followed enthusiastic descriptions of "those present"—The Duchess of Rutland and Lady Diana Cooper, Sir John and Lady Lavery, Augustus John, Noel Coward and H. G. Wells, etc., etc., etc.—what they wore, what they said, how they applauded. And at the end a mingy little paragraph to the effect that "Carnaval" was badly done, and "Les Noces," Stravinsky's latest *tour de force*, disappointing, lugubrious, lacking in movement and colour, and that lots of people left before "Les Matelots." But still it was a brilliant first night—because the stalls and boxes were agleam with social and artistic stars. So quite clearly the play is *not* the thing.

The opera notices have been done in much the same way. It encourages me to burst into dramatic criticism on those lines. I feel that I have a flair for it.

As, for instance, "The Little Ambassador's Theatre was filled by a most interesting crowd on the first night of Miss Clemence Dane's new play called, by the way, 'Granite.' The entr'actes sparkled with precious stones and witty comment. Lord and Lady Headfort were in one stage box, Mr.

(*Cont. on page* 625)

Lenare

Miss Zita Yungman

The elder daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness is very well known in London and in great request with dance hostesses

In a good cause

The Countess of Dalkeith photographed with Viscountess Hambleden after opening a very successful fête at Denmark Hill which was organised in aid of King's College Hospital

On the right are Brig.-General Trotter, the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Eileen Clarke at the Leicester Agricultural Show. General Trotter is Groom-in-Waiting to H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

At the passing show

WHERE THE GOING WAS GOOD

Fine feathers and fine weather greet each other on Ascot Heath

"Smiler" tried the soft side of his tongue on Lord Portarlington and Miss Beaumont with some success. He was in particularly good form at Ascot

Mr. Edward de W. Wills, Sir Ernest Wills's elder son, with his wife, who was formerly Miss Sylvia Ogden. Their wedding took place early in the year

Lord and Lady Aberconway in the crowded paddock. Lady Aberconway is a C.B.E.

Mr. and Mrs. Faulkner Wallace were on their way to one of the luncheon tents when this snapshot was taken

On the left is the Countess of Carnarvon being escorted by Mr. Clayton. Lord Carnarvon owns a few horses and is exceedingly keen on the game

Eve Goes Fishing in the Social Seas—*cont. from page* 623

W. J. Locke in the other. Lady Headfort looked charming in black and silver with a silver bandeau round her hair. Her son and daughter, Lord Bective and Lady Millicent Taylour were in the stalls. Lady Millicent is getting very like her mother and has adopted her way of doing her hair in a plait round her head. She was wearing a pink frock and a silver cloak. Mr. Gordon Selfridge and Mr. Peter Ralli were amiable adjuncts to this happy family *ensemble*.

Just in front of me sat the Marchioness of Winchester, also wearing a head ornament of diamonds and pearls on black tulle in her red hair. She was Mrs. Claude Marks and was one of the much-talked-of ladies who went out to Cape Town to nurse during the South African War. When I tell you that Rosita Forbes was there and that Mr. Hugh Walpole and a gentleman strongly resembling Mr. H. G. Wells remained to the end you will realise that 'Granite' is a strong and gripping play."

DAY BY DAY

Until last week the days have been so grey that we have rather concentrated on making the nights brilliant, for starshine and moonlight are superfluous as long as there is enough coal left to keep the home lights burning. The spate of dances continues undiminished but we have at last been able to be gay and "dressy" in the daytime as well. Ascot, Wimbledon, Riverside days and lunch parties have kept us busy.

Violet Duchess of Rutland lunched the other day with Mrs. Scott Nelson at her house (next door to Lady Massereene's) in Lancaster Gate; it is a museum of treasures which its owner, who is an American, has collected during her travels in Japan. Spain and Honolulu. She also has a Perfect Kitchen, fitted with all the most wonderful American labour-saving devices, so that the conversation switched from works of art and the celebrities the Duchess of Rutland made portraits of in America and became intensively domestic.

The Savoy is always full and rather amusing at lunch time. The other day the Duchess of Westminster and Major Freddie Cripps were at the table at which poor old Dickie Jowett, who divided up his fortune between a number of his many friends, always used to sit. Eric Loder was there, several of the Indian princes

Father and daughter

Viscount Massereene and Ferrard and the Hon. Diana Skeffington found Ascot very pleasant. Miss Skeffington was born in 1909

who are staying at the Savoy, Warwick Brookes with a bevy of pretty and brightly arrayed ladies, and there is always the City contingent represented on this occasion by Mr. Geoffrey Isaacs, Lord Reading's brother, and Sir George Prescott.

MUSIC GOES INTO SOCIETY

Among the many subdivisions in London society the musical set (it sounds rather like a round dance, doesn't it ?) is one of the most interesting. It was really Olga Lynd who originally gathered them together and made them into a culte, with herself as high priestess. A few seasons ago the concerts she arranged in the beautiful blue and silver room at Sir Philip Sassoon's house in Park Lane created something of a sensation and music began to be chic instead of being one of the rather dowdy arts. Lord Lathom is one of the enthusiasts, and the Howard de Waldens have always been patrons of musical talent. Diaghileff with his choreographic and decorative advocacy of the modern composers, Stravinsky, Auric, Poulenc and Dukelsky pushed music several steps higher on the golden staircase. Our masterpieces may be made of tulle or some other figurative and perishable material, but at any rate the neo-Georgians have put life and vigour and humour and a thrill into art, and more than anything, *colour*; no "greenery-yallowy" business nowadays, but all the colours of the rainbow, and Mayfair has opened its doors to Bloomsbury and Chelsea—in dress-clothes.

KREISLER

Though his playing at Lady Beecham's party was a social event, Kreisler stands alone—and apart. Before the war he was the most virile and seemingly invulnerable of musical personalities. Dark, thick-set, proud, almost stern, the volume

(*Continued on page* 684)

Paddock personalities

Lord Kylsant and his daughter, the Hon. Mrs. George Coventry. Lord Kylsant is a former Master of the Carmarthenshire Hounds

Lord Stanley and Mrs. Euan Wallace

Taking a look round in the paddock at Ascot. Mrs. Euan Wallace is the eldest daughter of Sir Edwin Lutyens, the distinguished architect

AN ASCOT SYMPHONY WHERE SOCIETY CALLS THE TUNE

The Hon. Barbara Frankland with her fiancé, Mr. O. L. Prior-Palmer, 9th Lancers, and Mr. G. E. Prior-Palmer

Colonel Selby-Lowndes and Miss Greenless armed with coats and umbrellas. These were needed on Gold Cup day after 3 o'clock

Miss Ruth Vincent, the well-known singer, looked very charming on the first day of the meeting

The Marquess and Marchioness of Exeter were among the many distinguished people present

Miss Soames with Miss Mann-Thompson (right) who wore a particularly striking coat over her Ascot frock

THE BEST-DRESSED PEOPLE SUPPORT A ROYAL FUNCTION

Lady Lavery (right) looked, as usual, very chic. With her is Mrs. Freyberg, wife of the distinguished soldier, Colonel Bernard Freyberg

Miss Cross, Mr. James Carlton Cross's daughter (left), with her sister-in-law, Mrs. Ronald Cross, and Miss Barbara Cunard

Miss Peggy Bushman, Miss Muriel Ponsonby, Miss Betty Bushman and Mr. James Akers, on the Gold Vase day which was marred by the serious accident which occurred in this race

Lord and Lady Decies were also present. Lady Decies is a daughter of the late Mr. George Jay Gould of New York

WOMEN IN THE NEWS

Positive Personal Paragraphs on Pleasantly Pertinent People

By Rudolph de Cordova

Dorothy Wilding

Lady Sybil Grant

"A PRIMROSE" . . .

ALTHOUGH she would unquestionably admit that she chose her father with considerable acumen, it has been one of Lady Sybil Grant's bugbears that she has frequently been referred to as "Lord Rosebery's daughter." It suggests to her sensitive nature at all events that she is not able to stand on her own two feet than which nothing could be more far-fetched. Not only is she an essayist, a poet, and short story writer, but a journalist as well. She was the first Special Airship Correspondent of the *Glasgow News* and was editor and staff of the first weekly war newspaper. Her devastating sense of humour prevents her being a "blue-stocking." Throughout the craze for shorn locks Lady Sybil has gone scathless and long-haired. The reason is not aversion to fashion but devotion to caravans. Among the *pukka* caravanners, women have their hair cut short for only two reasons—one, because they have been in prison, and the other for hygienic reasons, not mentioned in polite society.

Hay Wrightson

The Hon. Mrs. Egerton

THE CORAL STRAND

THOSE members of Parliament who, during the debates on the Betting Tax, have taken the House and the country into their confidence as to their inability to "spot the winners," might be moved to envy the skill with which the Hon. Mrs. Wilfred Egerton succeeds in that hazardous enterprise. She has the young Englishwoman's real love of sport in general and of racing in particular. Her recent Derby *coup* was one of her brilliant successes. Long before the race she backed Coronach and nothing could shake her faith in him. Shortly before the event she met a friend who laughed Coronach's chances to scorn. So certain was he that Coronach would not be placed that he backed his opinion at twenty to one. Mrs. Egerton quietly booked the bet! Like Browning's Waring, she and her husband are fond of land travel and seafaring. They spent last winter in Nassau, and Mrs. Egerton led a sort of mermaid life, swimming and basking in the sun on the warm coral sands during most of the day.

A NIGHT OF TERROR

FEW women have, happily, been through so tragic an ordeal as Mrs. Frederick George Penny, whose sunny and sympathetic nature makes her *persona gratissima* in her husband's constituency of Kingston-upon-Thames. It happened in Singapore. She was staying with a friend whose husband, having just been appointed to a new Government office, removed to the official Residence. His predecessor's severe but just action against certain Chinese contractors had incensed them, and they determined to be revenged on him. One night Mrs. Penny awoke to find three Chinese in her room. As she gave the alarm, thinking they were thieves, one of them rushed at her with a drawn dagger and slashed to ribbons the pillow she had snatched up to protect herself. Before help could reach her he had stabbed her in the arm, ripped open her leg and inflicted a severe scalp wound. Her cries disturbed the three men, who rushed into the passage where they met her host. Nearly fainting and half blinded with blood, Mrs. Penny followed them and discovered that they had wounded him so desperately that he died within a few hours.

Hay Wrightson

Mrs. F. G. Penny

Claude Harris

Lady Beaverbrook

'KIND HEARTS AND CORONETS'

BUT that her life was filled with those domesti cduties which love transmutes into dearly-prized joys, Lady Beaverbrook, who gave so successful a ball last Thursday for her daughter, the Hon. Janet Aitken, might have added another to the women M.Fs. During the first electioneering campaign of her husband, when he stood for Ashton-under-Lyne, Lady Beaverbrook not only canvassed vigorously for him but made many speeches at his meetings. After the election was won and during the war, she worked unceasingly in the constituency. The result was that when Lord Beaverbrook had gone to the Upper House and was followed by Sir Albert Stanley (now Lord Ashfield) his successor in the representation of the constituency, Lady Beaverbrook was invited to stand, but she refused. Great as was the compliment, it probably did not touch her so deeply as the tribute paid by the *Daily Express* staff, who presented her with a rose bowl and a volume containing their autographs in recognition of her personal interest in running a canteen and serving all the time the men were working during the General Strike.

WRITER AND READER

HAVING had to finish her last book, "The Reluctant Imposter," when ill, emotionally distressed and under conditions which pleased others rather than herself, Miss Muriel Hine is writing her new novel entirely to please herself, and, not having a set date by which it must be finished, as she had with the previous one, is taking her own time over it. It is the fifteenth she will have completed in seventeen years, in addition to, who shall say, how many short stories, articles and essays, besides much reading of the work of other writers for a publisher. That publisher was the late John Lane, who has published all her work. Their introduction occurred at a party given by William de Morgan, and they supped together under an apple tree. "What do you do?" asked Mr. Lane, "for I'm sure you do some kind of art work." "I am a writer," replied Miss Hine in the pride of her teens and a half-finished first novel. "Ah!" replied Mr. Lane, "if only I could find a reader!" Later Miss Hine did become a reader for his firm and recommended for publication the work of several writers which achieved considerable success.

E. O. Hoppé

Miss Muriel Hine

A PROFESSIONAL AMATEUR

THE active life of Lady Susan Birch divides itself naturally into two parts. One is given to the lovely decorative shell work she has amplified from an old eighteenth century shell picture she possesses, and she has set apart one room in her home as a studio for the making of these shell flowers. The other part of her life Lady Susan devotes to amateur acting, in which she is an acknowledged star. She shone again on Monday evening when she played Mistress Page in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, the performance of which she organised at the Scala for the benefit of the Waifs and Strays, of which Society her cousin, Lady Alington, is President. Instructed in stage technique by her uncle, the late Hon. Alec Yorke, a notable amateur actor, who was always entrusted with getting up the performances in which Princess Beatrice delighted to appear at Windsor and elsewhere, Lady Susan has been acting since she was a child. Such is her brilliancy, many critics who have applauded her when she has played with the Windsor Strollers and The Old Stagers at Canterbury, have likened her style and method to Miss Marie Tempest's.

Yvonne Gregory

Lady Susan Birch

Fishwives of Newhaven near Edinburgh

FOR WOMEN MUST WORK

Camera studies of braw lassies across the border

By Edgar and Winifred Ward

Scottish landworkers clearing stones from the surface

"Oh, Mister Porter, whatever shall I do?
I meant to go to Birmingham,
but they've sent me on to Crewe"

"Evelyn had unlimited pencils and paper in the house, and with these they played the most frightful games"

Sixth instalment of ROSE MACAULAY'S new Novel

"CREWE TRAIN"

Illustrated by Keith Bryant

WHAT HAS ALREADY HAPPENED TO—

DENHAM, who owes her strange name to her dead mother's favourite village in Buckinghamshire, at twenty-one is a long limbed, loosely built young woman, with a sunburnt skin and small brown eyes under sulky black brows, who has been brought up by her father

MR. DOBIE, a clergyman, who, having just enough money to live penuriously without industry, settled in Andorra. Here he contracted a second marriage with the handsome daughter of a local smuggler, who destroyed his peace and gave him four hybrid children.

DENHAM'S AUNT EVELYN, her mother's sister, and her three children,

AUDREY, NOEL and GUY, visit the Dobie family in their mountain fastness. Mr. Dobie had a stroke and died. On receiving the news Aunt Evelyn decided that it was her duty to adopt her sister Sylvia's girl.

Denham was sullen; she did not want to go with these people, but she was dazed, dazzled, helpless, and she knew that she certainly would go.

HUMPHREY, another of Denham's cousins, started for England in the motor diligence with the rest of his family and Denham, but at the frontier made an excuse to return to Andorra, because he was infatuated with Paquita Jaime, a handsome Andorran peasant.

PETER GRESHAM, Denham's uncle by marriage, was a bland, shrewd little publisher. His town house was a centre of social life and entertainment. Nothing Denham had ever seen before was in the least like London. She presumed that Londoners were mostly mad.

Her aunt bought Denham clothes and had her shingled. People called her a fine looking young woman, but she lacked standards, could not understand the necessity of conforming to a ritual. She asked "Why?" about everything.

Humphrey came home sick of love and disillusioned; he returned to his bachelor chambers in Shepherd's Market and resumed his writing of belles lettres.

Finding him with the family when she returned grimy from the Zoo, Denham asked outright what they were all wondering:

"Did you bring Paquita to London?" and then realised she had offended Humphrey and shocked the family.

The Grahams gave a party at which they had real Lamas fresh from Thibet, and everyone thought them "wonderful," but Denham said she supposed they were "ordinary where they came from—just clergymen."

ARNOLD CHAPEL, a tall, dark young man with a pleasant smile, who had met Denham at a dinner and first night with the Greshams found Denham interesting and stayed beside her all the evening, and Denham began to feel exhilarated by talking like a real person at a party and drinking claret-cup.

Humphrey brought a party of exuberant Soudanese from a night club and to his mother's party, and this offended the lamas, who felt themselves to be more like part of a Barnum's show than distinguished guests, so they left, and went home to bed or wherever lamas go to when they leave parties.

Denham and Arnold Chapel danced together. She would have liked to spin and leap like the Sudanese fuzzies instead of walking like the Europeans, but she conformed to the high standard Arnold set. He found her strange and unknowable like the foreign visitors, and like beauty and romance.

CHAPTER IV

COUNTRY WEEK-END

I

YOU might think, if you were inadequately informed as to country week-ends, that they would be an intellectual rest for Londoners tired of being clever all the time. Denham supposed this, and that down at World's End (which sounded like the name of a pub), the Greshams would, as she vaguely put it, stop. That is, Peter would stop booking and going to first nights and talking about authors, Evelyn would stop going out to dine and having others to lunch, Audrey being intelligent and not coming home at nights till two o'clock, Guy telling funny stories of which the point was as often as not in a foreign language, and all of them being sociable. For, surely, World's End must be a quiet place, away from people.

But it was not. The Greshams, a host in themselves, had others to stay with them. They crowded up; they squeezed in clever guests as tightly as one packs a suitcase, and then, when quite full, billeted more clever guests in neighbouring cottages and inns. In short, far from stopping, they accelerated.

Arnold Chapel was there, and a distinguished gentleman novelist, an eminent Liberal politician with brilliant wife, and an idle middle-aged lady, and two or three nice young friends of Guy and Audrey. They all had very high spirits, except possibly Noel, who was naturally quiet, the politician, who was weighted with the cares of not being in office, and the idle middle-aged lady, who had, instead of high spirits, that kind of bland, twinkling, urbane detachment only to be found in bachelors and spinsters

who are at once well-bred, worldly and past middle life, for they grew up in a more civilised and worldly age than this earnest period, and also have never committed themselves to those serious and permanent connections with life which must needs anchor and sober the soul. They are the world's dandies, walking delicately and blandly through it like spectators at the Zoo. Thus, anyhow, was Miss Rome Garden, whom Peter Gresham was always urging, quite in vain, to write books, an undertaking she regarded as rather common, like getting married or standing for Parliament, or otherwise entering the world's bustling lists. The only thing Miss Garden would do in this line was cross-word puzzles; for these she had a somewhat morbid and degrading penchant; they were a vice and a snare to her. She had already won by them a hundred and fifty pounds. A degrading vice, she admitted, for it meant entering into the minds of the puzzle makers, and these showed every evidence of that loose thinking and illiterate imbecility which characterises popular journalism.

These puzzles were among the occupations practised at World's End this week end (which, it is surely unnecessary to remark, was largely wet). Not satisfied with solving all they could lay hands on, they even made new ones for themselves. Evelyn had unlimited pencils and paper in the house, and with these they played the most frightful games. Reviews, one was called. As if it wasn't enough to read, write and talk about books and their reviews half the time in London, without playing games about them in the country.

Denham wouldn't play reviews. She found, instead, an outhouse in the garden, where gardener's tools were stored, and amused herself with these.

Here Arnold Chappel found her, after tea on Saturday, seated on a pile of faggots and making a whistle. His face, as he looked in at her, had a pleased, soft look, as if he had found a puppy playing, and would have liked to caress it.

"Aren't you coming in?" he said. "Reviews are over."

"Well," said Denham cautiously, "I expect it's something else now, isn't it?"

"Charades."

"I thought it would be something like that. I like it better here, I think. There's lots to do here."

"You're not very sociable, are you?"

Denham considered. "Don't know. Perhaps not. It's chiefly that it's nicer out here than in there—more to do that I like."

She waved a comprehensive hand at the attractive jumble round her. "I'm making a whistle. Then I thought I'd make a boat and try it on that stream below the house."

"How old are you? Thirteen?"

"What rot you talk. Twenty-two, of course. How old are you?"

"Twenty-eight. Have you always hated indoor games?"

"I like some of them all right. Billiards, and some card games. I don't like pencil games or talking games. Do you?"

"Why, yes, I think I do. They've an attractive silliness that appeals to me. I like talking, I'm afraid. I expect I talk a lot too much."

"One can't do the things one likes too much, can one?"

"I'm afraid so. You, for instance, might sit in here alone too much, and make too many whistles."

"Too much for what?" Denham had the persistent literalness of a child.

"Well, more than is good for you. And more than your friends like, too."

"Oh, well." Denham's tone dismissed one's friends from any share in the ordering of one's life. "People shouldn't care what other people do. Why should they? I never care what anyone does, so long as they don't do it to me."

"You're an individualist. And perhaps you don't care much for anyone?"

"Yes, I think I do." Denham frowned over the baffling, teasing, bewildering Greshams who swung into her mind. "Yes, I do. But I shouldn't care a bit what any of them did. I don't care if they play with pencils and paper all day, so long as I don't have to." She put the whistle to her mouth, and blew a shrill blast.

"Not bad. Now I think I shall make a boat."

"I'll help—may I?"

"Are you any good?" Denham glanced doubtfully at his white indoor hands.

"I used to be, when I was thirteen too. You make yours, and I'll make another; then we'll race them."

"Don't they want you for the charades?"

"Oh, blow the charades. I'd rather make a boat. Only I haven't a knife."

"Have you lost it?" Denham carefully selected a chunk of wood. "There might be one about here somewhere. Only it'd probably be a rotten one. One's own knife is the only good knife, as a rule. You can use mine when I've done."

It rained and rained. Through the open door the wet yard sang and gurgled at them. The grey afternoon crept about the dim corners of the shed, coldly touching the two close-cut dark heads, the big brown girl in her red jersey stooping intent over her task, black brows drawn down, the boat cleverly taking shape in her strong, practised hands; the loose-limbed young man standing by her, his narrow eyes merry and soft, straying from her hands at work to the solid curve of her head against the red row of pots behind it.

"Here," She passed him the knife, critically examining her handiwork.

He sat down and picked up a chunk of wood and got to work. He was on his mettle. He wanted Denham to see that he could make a boat as well as she could. More than boats seemed to hang on it. Though she was no good at his things, he would show her that he could do hers.

"There," he said presently, and held it out.

"A bit narrow in the beam, isn't it?" she commented.

"I don't think so. We'll try them presently, when it clears."

"It's nearly stopped now."

He faced round to the door.

"Well—not very nearly."

Denham stood up. "Come on. This won't hurt us. We'll go down to the brook."

"Let me fetch you a coat."

"No, I don't want it."

They went out into the soft tail of the rain. The puddles in the yard splashed with fine drops. The hillside was sodden and bright

(*Continued on page* 633)

"He sat down and picked up a chunk of wood and got to work . . . He wanted Denham to see that he could make a boat as well as she could"

DEBUTANTES OF SCOTTISH DESCENT

Who are making their curtsies at Buckingham Palace

Miss Pamela Arthur (below) is the Hon. Cecil and Mrs. Arthur's only daughter, and granddaughter of Lord Glenarthur. Her parents have taken a house in Eaton Terrace for the season

Bassano

The Hon. Aline Partington

Lord and Lady Doverdale's only daughter, is in London for the season with her parents. Lord Doverdale, as Mr. Oswald Partington, was Liberal Member for the High Peak Division for ten years, and later represented the Shipley Division of Yorkshire. His wife is one of Lord Elibank's daughters

Hay Wrightson

Miss Rosemary Jean Aileen Lindsay

Miss Rosemary Lindsay is the daughter of a well-known London hostess, the Hon. Mrs. Robert Lindsay. Her father, the late Major the Hon. Robert Lindsay, son of the 26th Earl of Crawford, died in 1911. Miss Lindsay is taking her full share in the gaieties of a very busy season

Bassano

Miss Pamela Arthur

Bassano

Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere

Miss Rosemary Hope-Vere (left), Major James Hope-Vere's daughter, has joined the ranks of the young brigade this summer. Her father, who is Honorary Colonel of the Lancashire Yeomanry, is a kinsman of Lord Cork

A notable debutante is Miss Violet Cameron the elder daughter of Cameron of Lochiel and Lady Hermione Cameron and granddaughter of the Duke of Montrose

Bassano

Miss Violet Cameron

green, and squelched beneath their feet; the fir copse dripped silver. Beyond it fled the stream, full and merry with the rain.

"Here's a good regatta starting point." Arnold selected a reach were the stream ran gay and smooth for some yards before tumbling over rocks. They placed the boats together, released them, watched them flee together to the rocky fall, over the fall to the pool below, down the pool to its hurrying outlet, and so on between grassy banks. Then one of them was caught in an eddy, spun round and round, flung into a patch of reeds and held. The other sped neatly on.

"Mine's done," said Denham. She fished it out of mud and reeds. "Let's see how far yours will get."

It got to a gravel shore ten yards below, where it lay beached.

"Jolly good," said Denham. "Shall we try them again?"

He came up to her, his retrieved boat in his hand. He felt pleased, as if he had satisfied a small boy.

The rain stopped, and the west was suddenly a sheet of yellow. The young man saw the young woman standing against it, the short ends of her damp black hair caught with light, her bare wet arms golden-brown. His heart turned in him, for she was no small boy, but a woman. Their eyes met, and the look in his filled hers, childishly absorbed till now, with consciousness of him.

"I want to kiss you," he said, simply. "You don't mind?" "No."

They came together. His face was hard and prickly against hers; the face of a man who has shaved closely ten hours ago. He held her from him and looked into her grave brown face. "You adorable darling."

Steps and voices came down through the copse. They had discovered in the house that the rain had stopped, and had burst, rejoicing, into the open.

Arnold stepped away and picked up his boat. "Shall we race them again?"

"Hullo, you two!" It was Audrey calling out.

"Hullo, you house-fuggers. We're racing boats."

"Please don't let us interrupt you." That was Guy, a smile behind his eyes, as he perceived in theirs their secret joy that they had embraced. But he spoke too late; they had been interrupted. They knelt by the brook with their boats.

With Guy and Audrey were a gay group, all come out to take the air after the rain. They went on down the hill, their cheerful nonsense trailing after them on the still air. Arnold, who enjoyed being one of such a party, had no wish to join them now. He wanted to stay with Denham, who never talked nonsense, who did not know how, whose talk, when any, was of concrete, literal things. He wanted to kiss Denham again. Soon he did so. Why not, since they both liked it?

"There's no one the least like you," he said. "Do you know that?"

"Lots of people, I should think. Why not?"

"No—no one. No one. No one." At each "no one" he kissed her; he was working up to more and more feeling about her, and she about him. Both touched the edges of passion as they clung together in the wet yellow evening. They loved to embrace one another; thrills of joy shivered through them as their lips and hands touched. They were savouring one of the elementary human pleasures. Both had savoured it before, with others, for both were young creatures susceptible to the elementary passions; but neither so keenly before as now. As far as you may, on so slight acquaintance, love, this young man and woman loved now. Neither looked ahead, for to love, to play together, and to embrace, was, for now, enough.

2

They had to do charades after dinner. Even Denham had to play. They assigned to her inarticulate parts, such as the tree in the Garden of Eden, and she did not mind much, though it seemed waste of time. She was happy and at peace, with Arnold in the room. He was happy, but not at peace; he was excited and strung up; he vented himself in gaiety and laughter.

"Arnold was very brilliant to-night," said Evelyn, when the evening was over and the inn guests had gone across, conducted by Audrey and others, to the inn. "I never saw him in such good form. I thought he was terribly brilliant."

"Denham was a bit keyed-up, too, wasn't she?" Guy commented. "I heard her speak several times."

Evelyn stared at him out of her big eyes. "D'you mean anything, Guy? You don't think there is anything, do you? Of course, they were out together after tea..."

Guy yawned. "Well, there you are. Obviously they both enjoyed being out together after tea. That's all I say."

Evelyn's thoughts leaped on.

"Of course, he'd have to get a dispensation. Still, that's easy .... Of course, it would be terribly unsuitable, they're so different. I always thought Arnold and Audrey might one day think of each other like that. Audrey's got no religion, so that would be unsuitable too, in one way, but they're keen on the same things, do you see. Now Arnold and Denham belong to different worlds. Mind you, I don't think they'd be happy together, not for long."

"My dear mother, how lightly and incurably your thoughts run to wedlock. That's the last thing Humphrey or I think of when we hear of love. The point is that they *are* happy together, this moment. It doesn't need to be for long. God forbid that we should always marry where we love. There are quite enough marriages already, without adding all those. And God also forbid that Arnold and Denham should ever marry."

"As to that," added Miss Rome Garden, "He has already forbidden it, by making them of different Churches."

"Of course," Evelyn continued to muse, for as the night got later the more she mused and spoke of love, "I expect Denham could become a Catholic quite easily, if that were all. I'm sure she wouldn't be particular about that. She'd never grasp the difference. She hasn't got a theological mind—not a really theological mind, I'm sure. Should you say she had, Miss Garden?"

"Pray don't ask me. The mind of Miss Denham Dobie is a sealed book to me. But I should imagine you are right, that theology is not one of its natural tendencies."

"Really, darling Eve," Peter remonstrated, "Guy is right, you run on too fast. Too fast and too far. You can't go converting Denham to popery and marrying her off merely because she and a young man both seem in good spirits the same evening. You mustn't do it, my love; really you mustn't. You talk too much; that's your weakness. So do I; we all talk a great deal too much. We must leave people to arrange their own affairs. All this tittle-tattle . . ."

"Now papa's off," murmured Guy, who thought it went with his side whiskers and his Victorian chairs to call his father that.

The others came in.

(To be continued.)

"'Mine's done' said Denham. She fished it out of mud and weeds"

Donald and Melville

Sons of Sir Arnold Robertson, K.B.E., C.M.G., and Lady Robertson. Their father is British Minister to the Argentine

Alwyne and Mary

Captain and Mrs. Edward Compton's twin children and grandchildren of Lieut.-Col. Farquharson of Invercauld. Captain Compton is a cousin of Lord Northampton

Below is the only child of Major and Mrs. Thirlwall Philipson. His mother was Nellie Briarcliffe of Gilbert and Sullivan fame

Milly and Jim

Children of Sir Adam and Lady Ritchie of Boswell House, St. Boswells, Roxburghshire. Sir Adam Ritchie was knighted in 1923

Oliver Scott

Son of Sir Samuel Haslam and Lady Scott. Among his ancestors was Jean Schotte who was ennobled by Charles III of Lorraine. The family is descended from Scottish settlers in Franconia

"WHEN BAIRNS ARE YOUNG"

Young people with Scottish connections

Portraits by Marcus Adams

John Philipson

Frances Marion

The author of "Minnie Flynn" (Chatto and Windus), a novel of film life, is one of the highest paid scenario writers in America and has been in close touch with the film world since its earliest days. Miss Marion has written scenarios for Mary Pickford, the Talmadge sisters, Rudolph Valentino and many other stars of the silent stage

"TALKING ABOUT BOOKS..."

A Critical Causerie of Good Reading

By Richard King

THIS WEEK'S BOOKS

"Criminal Paris," by Netley Lucas (Hurst & Blackett), 12s. 6d.
"Selected Prejudices," by H. L. Mencken (Cape), 3s. 6d.
"The Perennial Bachelor," by Anne Parrish (Heinemann), 7s. 6d.
"Collected Poems of Teresa Hooley" (Cape), 6s.

WHEN dipping into Mr. Mencken's "Selected Prejudices," I read: "To the average man, doomed to some banal and sordid drudgery all his life long, women offer the only hazard that he ever encounters. Take them away and his existence would be as flat and secure as that of a cow"—it seemed to me to explain a little the enormous fascination which books descriptive of vices have on the reading public. Nothing would annoy and disgust them more than if a "cat" burglar suddenly swarmed up their own waterpipe and slithered down it again with their best diamond brooch in his pocket; but to read about cat-burglars in general and somebody else's jewellery in particular fill them with a secret thrill. The modern "crook" has nowadays become one of the modern heroes—in books and plays anyway. Its the complete "mystery" of him, I suppose, which proves the great attraction. I dare say his confederates, who know all about him, treat him in that manner we employ towards people whom we take for granted, just as we do the cook who has been giving us notice for the last ten years. It's the spice of danger, combined with a seasoning of mystery, which makes wickedness so much more readable than any concentrated essence of virtue. Otherwise, if you rob vice of its metaphorical fangs and turn the spot-light on it from all directions, there is usually little that is beautiful about it, and quite a lot which is unutterably ugly. It's the "hush-hush" element in life which makes the whole world alive with curiosity. Therefore I can well imagine that "Criminal Paris" will have quite a cosy circulation. For one thing it is written by a man who has, himself, been once upon a time a member of the crook fraternity. And although as he writes his books, he inserts in them lots of passages proving that the game is not worth the candle, he knows exactly wherein the attraction of the game lies to people who are not taking a hand. His style has all that picturesque "glow" about it which people adore. How dull is the ghost-story, for example, which states quite baldly that at exactly two minutes past midnight, I suddenly saw a lady descending the stairs, carrying her head in her hands. Ah, but if you lead up to this quaint nocturnal exercise by putting in a thunder-storm outside, a wailing dog in the yard; a terrible silence and a full description of at least one quaking heart, then the lady carrying her head becomes as awful as some dreadful nightmare. And thus it is with Netley Lucas's stories of the life and habits of the French apache and certain of the more notorious French criminals. His account of a famous low-down café, which criminals frequent at night, is made as vivid for us as a scene on the stage. In fact, his account of what happens there tallies exactly with what the stage has led us to expect. So, instead of encountering a lot of untidy men and an equal number of frowsy young women—which is nearer to reality, and would thus

WIT AND WISDOM FROM THE NEW BOOKS

"Freedom isn't space, it's in our minds, our thoughts, our spiritual shaping."

"Man is much the same wherever he is placed—he tries to escape from civilisation, from laws and bonds, but the human element remains, and there is no more liberty among the everlasting hills than cooped up in a London street."—From "The Human Element," by Ruth Alexander (Bles), 7s. 6d.

"The allurement that women hold out to men is precisely the allurement that Cape Horn holds out to sailors: they are enormously dangerous and hence enormously fascinating."

"Nearly the whole case of the birth controllers who now roar in Christendom is ground upon the doctrine that it is an intolerable outrage for a woman to have to submit to motherhood when her private fancies may rather incline to automobiling, shopping, or going to the South of France."—From "Selected Prejudices," by H. L. Mencken (Cape), 3s. 6d.

O. P. Gilbert

Who has just published "Men in Women's Guise" (The Bodley Head). Mr. Gilbert who is of French parentage, is on the staff of a Brussels newspaper. He is the author of several books, including poems, plays, and historical studies. An admirer of "the beautiful jazz and Claude Debussy" Mr. Gilbert himself plays several instruments

be as disappointing as reality so often is where vice is concerned—we read that these young women are "creatures, who without shame of any kind, have cast aside all pretence at civilisation, even if they ever knew of any, who are absolutely crude in their passions and way of life, and who give unchecked vent to the ferocity and wildness of spirit which still lies very near to the foundations of human nature." And isn't that picture distinctly more picturesque than merely writing that they are mostly vile to look at and usually vile to know. Of course it is. That is why I am sure it is much more romantic to visit Mère Dubossoie's notorious café in Netley Lucas's book than the café would appear if ever you actually went there. No, the great thing in life is to fill it as much as possible with either real or ficticious thrills. It's the monotony of the conventional everday which drives so many of us towards anything so long as it promises us excitement of some kind or another. That is why the staid and virtuous are more respected than sought after. Well, "Criminal Paris," even though it might be even more thrilling were real people and real places mentioned by their real names, is full of suppressed excitement. To read it will make your next visit to Paris a doubly adventurous affair—or seem so, anyway; and that after all, is the main thing. You may or may not be lured by a lovely lady in distress who, should you fall for her "lure," may quite likely rob you of everything you possess, or her confederates may blackmail you into suicide; but think how that possibility adds a thrill to the moment when the girl entering your railway compartment, treads on your foot (as if by accident—but you never know!), and merely says "Pardon." That is why I adore such books as this one is. It makes some quite trivial incident almost as suspicious as a footprint on your flower-bed, outside your cook's bedroom window. The late George R. Sims once wrote a book on the mysteries of London, and never have I been able to pass a quite placid-looking house in a side street without wondering if a forger does not live in the top room, and the body of a murdered woman be not rotting in the basement! Thus Mr. Lucas conducts us into some quiet respectable quarter of Paris and with him we visit an entertainment which no really nice woman should even read about; though should she do so—let her take it from me that what she imagines is certainly far more exciting than the reality. That's where the lure of the unknown comes in. All this account of crooks and criminals and the muddier side of life—how thrilling it is to read about and to imagine. How dull it is in reality, and what colossal bores are the wicked, as a rule, when villainy is their sole speciality. Yet, from a purely psychological point of view, the chapter relating to Landru is undoubtedly really interesting. One can only put down that unspeakable-one's attraction for women to mesmerism—which, perhaps, is also the secret of personality and fascination. Here was a man, ugly, mean-looking and about as romantic-looking as a bearded oyster, who nevertheless ruined women on a scale only to be described as "wholesale." And not only ruined them, but amused himself by murdering many of them. Yet even some of his victims, who escaped this latter fate, instead of thanking their stars for their luck, were the first to disbelieve in his guilt and the last to condemn him when that guilt was established. And then, listen to this—which I can only describe as one of those additions which always make books on vice and crime so exciting: "The Jekyll and Hyde existence of Landru was, however, in no way characteristic, for there are hundreds of criminals in Paris who cloak their real activities under the disguise of a respectable business." I love that magic word "hundreds." However commonplace your next-door neighbour may look—ah, but one never knows, does one? Mr. Lucas's book is likely to make you suspect everyone when next you visit Paris. And that, apart from its particular interest, provides its very general appeal. To speak in metaphor: weave a mystery around a gate-post and who, *en passant*, will bother to look at Cleopatra's Needle? A dozen people will go out of their way to visit the commonplace red-brick villa wherein Mr. Robinson strangled his "better-half," who will not dream of visiting the National Gallery except when they are caught in the rain without an umbrella.

Mrs. James Elroy Flecker

From a sketch. Mrs. Flecker, who is Greek by birth, spent her childhood in Athens and Paris, and met the late James Elroy Flecker on the steamer during a trip to Greece in 1910. *They were married the following year. Mrs. Flecker now lives in Paris, and came to England recently for the production by the Play Society of Flecker's play "Don Juan" which was published in book form during the winter by Heinemann*

THE "MYSTERY" OF WOMEN

That is why so many modern women, who leave so little to men's imagination, have to put up such a fight against being left—just because they do so. To a great extent the Victorian girl was wiser in her generation, if to be married be the last-step-but-one in woman's crowning glory. Presently, to talk about the "mysterious sex" will be as if we referred to farthingales and boned bodices. A man will marry just as he takes an omnibus; not because he must, but because it stops in front of him and happens to be going his way. All the same, those women who do still hug to themselves the belief that no man must ever understand them, will yearn to set forth to smite Mr. Mencken on the head with the heaviest thing that happens to be handy. It is all very well to be explained; but to be explained away—that is exasperating. But in "Selected Prejudices"—a most entertaining assortment of Mr. Mencken's writings on women and almost everything—it is not only that he writes on women, but, so to speak, he writes them down to the level of mere men. Even "feed the brute" goes by the board. "If women really knew their business," he writes, "they would have abandoned cooking centuries ago, and devoted themselves to brewing, distilling and bar-tending. . . . A single bottle of drinkable wine will fill more men with the passion of love than ten sirloins of beef or a ton of potatoes." But on whatever he writes about he is always amusing. Moreover, behind his laughter there is hidden an astonishing amount of wisdom. He can "bust" a convention in a sentence, and make the accepted standard look like a bedraggled scarecrow in a paragraph. These entertaining "Selected Prejudices"

(*Continued on page* 684)

THE BOOK OF THE WEEK

"Mainly Players: Bensonian Memoirs," by Lady Benson (Thornton Butterworth), 21s.

Theatrical memoirs, of course. But oh, ever so much more interesting than most theatrical memoirs are! Delightfully written, too, and always without that egregious hero-worship which is so apt to make even the most trivial anecdotes about the well-known seem to presume impressiveness, only, as a rule, to achieve dullness. The "Benson Family"—for it really was and still is a "family"—is delightfully traced from the beginning: all through the early start of its history in the barn-storming 'eighties, until it reached the established fame of its present existence. In tracing it Lady Benson gives us any number of interesting stories concerning its members—and so many of our most famous actors and actresses have been "Bensonians" in their time. In fact, the Benson Shakespearian Company has been all through its existence a kind of forcing house for "stars." Incidentally there are three elaborate character sketches in the book—those of Stephen Phillips, Genevieve Ward and F.R.B. himself. Moreover, Mr. Arthur Machen contributes a delightful preface to this really delightfully readable book.

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PARIS PARADES, PARTIES AND PLAIDS

The ubiquity of tartan, the elaboration of evening frocks and the catholicity of furs

By Meander in Paris

WHEN England begins to think about Scotland with its tartans, its clans, its grouse and its funny stories, Paris begins to think about far-away country homes in a land that is sparsely inhabited, where the women of the house sit at home and do needlework. There are many French homes like that and not so very many where the women follow the guns. *Autre pays autres mœurs* is a platitude, but platitudes are being revived, I am told, like old-fashioned dresses. Anyway, the French dressmakers now take Scotland into consideration, and prepare some fashions which they fondly imagine will be worn on the moors. Fictitious plaids are made up into pleated skirts and there are jumpers made of plaid chiffon, yes, chiffon if you please! Charming! Plaid taffeta, too, plaid velvet also, and cowboy scarves of plaided silk, to say nothing of kashas and reps trimmed with plaids for dresses and coats. Of course there are also quite practical clothes for Scotland with shoes which are made to walk the moors. But the fun of the Scottish models is to be found in the fascinating Parisian conception of what a "sportwoman" should look like when she sets out with her *fusil* to shoot the bird on the wing and all the rest of it. In the meantime, we are all busy with the "Season," the Paris "Season"—such a wet one! So disappointing! As I write, the rain is coming down in a Scotch mist. It must be because this is the Scottish number! Terrible thought, since, if Scottish fashions are to prevail, where is our sunshine and where our lovely summer clothes? Up to the present we have been able to put them on once or twice and then at a risk. So we are wearing the same sort of things we have worn for a twelvemonth! Ensembles in kasha, tweed tailormades, small felt or straw or ribbon hats, rather larger than they were, perhaps, and very little more becoming. Our shoes are just as wayward as they were and our silk-covered legs as indifferent to the gaze of mankind. We hang them from chairs and sofas, tram and omnibus seats, and we let them prance about the streets with perfect equanimity. A year ago our skirts were quite two inches longer than they are this season. If they get much shorter a kilt will put them to shame. The clergy and Mussolini have not made many penitents in Paris and I am told that in London things are worse. What is to be done about it?

Only in the evening do you see really long dresses and then they are frankly picturesque. You can be picturesque in the evening if you like; but avoid anything approaching a picture dress for the day. At a wonderful festivity given *chez* Lelong for the benefit of Princess Paley's good works, among Russians I presume, one never knows at these grand fêtes to whom the money goes, but I think it was to poor Russians. Anyway, the party was wonderful, really wonderful. It was called "La fête des Trois Cent." Very "select" you see, and you paid Frs. 500 for your ticket. The beautiful house in the rue Matignon was like a fairy palace up to date, with a roof garden on which you danced among flowers to the jazz of the coal black nigger band and in between the dances refreshed yourself with American drinks served by menservants in white. Down below, the salons were arranged for dancing, supper, mannequin parades and a variety entertainment. Mme. Colette introduced the dresses very wittily and had also written an amusing sketch with M. Leopold Marchand which was played by M. Victor Boucher,

(*Continued on page* 643)

The covert coating tailormade has been resurrected in Paris this season and is pretty certain to make its appearance on the moors. This practical beige rainproof suit with the trouser skirt is by Amy Linker

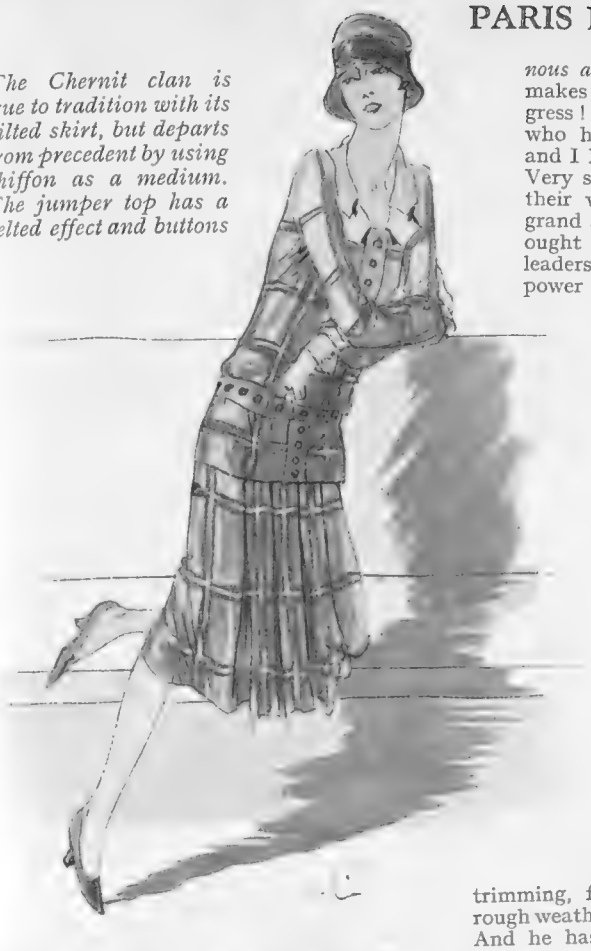
The Lucien Lelong tartan is flame and red foulard. Long sleeves and a collar and bow tie of ingénue intentions add a touch of French wit to a Scotch story

Georgette also uses a plaid design in a printed chiffon dress which has a gathered skirt and ribbons round the neck and at the wrists which match the colours of the plaid

LA PETITE ROBE POUR LA GRANDE SEMAINE

There is nothing so becoming, so cool and so fresh as a white organdi frock, and when Soulié endows it with character and original, scrolly rouleaux of white lace it becomes the ideal summer dress—if only the ideal summer would eventuate. Another optimistic idea is a lemon coloured georgette with an attachment for a black crêpe skirt. While a pervanche blue dress of toile de soie, trimmed with white grosgrain ribbons and white embroidered pockets invites the emulation of the skies

PARIS PARADES, PARTIES AND PLAIDS—*contd. from p.* 641



The Chernit clan is true to tradition with its kilted skirt, but departs from precedent by using chiffon as a medium. The jumper top has a belted effect and buttons

Mlle. Maud Loty and M. Raimu. Mme. Warvara Yacovleff sang and there were clever dancers and pianists as well. It was a rich programme and typified the taste of Paris at the present moment. Russian art, nigger music, frocks!

Lelong not only lent his house for the fête, but gave six dresses for the tombola. Most of them were won by men! And now for the clothes at this wonderful party! Sequin dresses which looked as if they had been moulded to the figure, with pointed hems, or scalloped hems, or loose little petals. Plain chiffon frocks, many of them white, with short shoulder capes falling down the back. Chiffon and lace dresses with the lace inserted in fan-shaped pieces. Georgette and chiffon dresses embroidered in crystal and silver, lovely white satin dresses, long and full with a fitting bodice, like old picture dresses. The embroidered dresses shown by the mannequins were marvels of workmanship. The sequin dresses made you think of chain armour, so closely are they sewn together. There was one in gold lamé, sewn all over with gold sequins and worn with gold shoes. Such a lovely sinuous thing, since it fitted the figure like a glove and only flared in the skirt. Most of the sequin dresses were cut like that.

Fur trimmed most of the wraps, whether cape, coat, or cloak. Velvet capes alone were untrimmed. Big fans were carried, great swaying feather things in brilliant colours, very effective. Nearly every woman had short hair. Pearls were worn by the mile. One wonders how real pearls feel when they find themselves in such a vast company of false jewels! I should feel like killing myself. I should go yellow and shrivel with sheer fastidious dislike. As to my feelings did I own real pearls! Well, I should sell them and buy imitations! Why not? And travel with the money! Much better. Possessions nowadays, at any rate when they are possessions meant for woman's wear, may not hope to endure. In the good old days grandmother kept her sables untouched year after year and then left them to her daughters, her jewels too were handed down in their old settings! But *nous avons changé tout cela.* And that makes me think of the Women's Congress! I did not go, but I met people who had lived amongst the delegates and I have read all the papers about it. Very splendid! Very idealistic! If by their works they prove themselves as grand as their words imply, then we all ought to join their ranks and become leaders of women in their struggle for power instead of leaders of fashion!

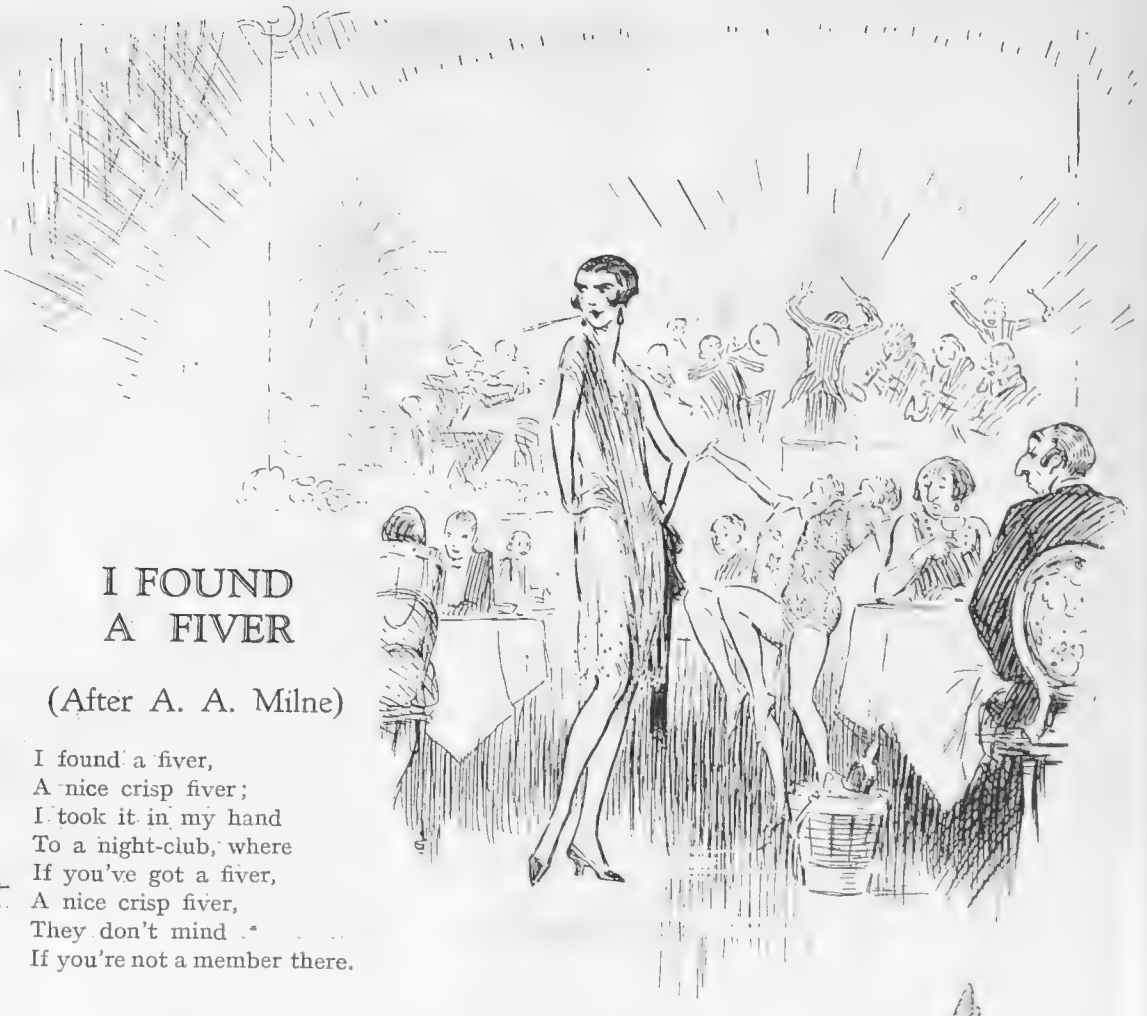
Apparently you cannot be both. It is a case of God and Mammon.

To go back to dress, which is my business here, I went to see the amazing things Max is doing with furs this summer. In his magnificently fitted up house in the rue Matignon, quite near to Lelong, Callot, and a lot of other well-known dressmakers (this is evidently the new rue de la Paix) Max invited some of his friends and customers to go to see his new installation and his new sports suits and furs. It was interesting from many points of view: decorative art, tailoring, furs, and as a sign of the times! The modern woman wants so many kinds of clothes, and Max has specialised on one or two kinds: every kind of fur cape, coat, cloak, and trimming, for morning, afternoon, evening, rough weather, smooth weather, cold and heat! And he has made just the right sort of leather coat for the car, and another for walking.

To be brief, there is no kind of leather, fur, or tweed, or rich evening, fur-trimmed wrap that you cannot get *chez* Max. All round you are stretched splendid skins of tigers, leopards, zebras and also skins of the tamer kinds of animals. He even condescends to the white rabbit with his ears and whiskers. To dear Mr. Mole he owes much, and he is taking the liberty of dyeing his skin bright colours for evening wear. Our friend Ratty is not despised either. Sealskin is left grey and is trimmed with grey fox. But it is not so much of the furs I would tell you to-day, that is another story. I want to tell you what a nice party we all had in the new Max house. Such a good buffet, so good that one or two people made me think of the story of Amelia who stuffed her umbrella full of cakes when she went out to tea to take home to her brothers and sisters. It was not the umbrellas which were stuffed *chez* Max, but the Little Marys. To economise a meal in these days of costly living is, perhaps, thrifty, but you cannot call it good manners. Personally, however, hungry I had been, I could not have faced the haughty displeasure of the *maître d'hotel* who presided over the sandwiches and champagne. Then when each guest left, she had a cardboard box handed to her tied up with silver cord and inside the box lay a feather bag for evening wear. There is no doubt about it, Max is hospitable.

Next week we shall have the *Grande Semaine!* If only sunshine comes with it, all will be merry as possible, for there are so many interesting things to see. But if it rains the whole thing will be a failure, as the tennis has been at the Racing Club, from the point of view of the leaders of fashion. If the sun continues to be so surly we shall have to live in mackintoshes. As soon live in Scotland!

Georgette designs a cedar-rose coat of rep to keep company with a jumper of Jersey to match and a plaid kilted skirt of sympathetic colouring

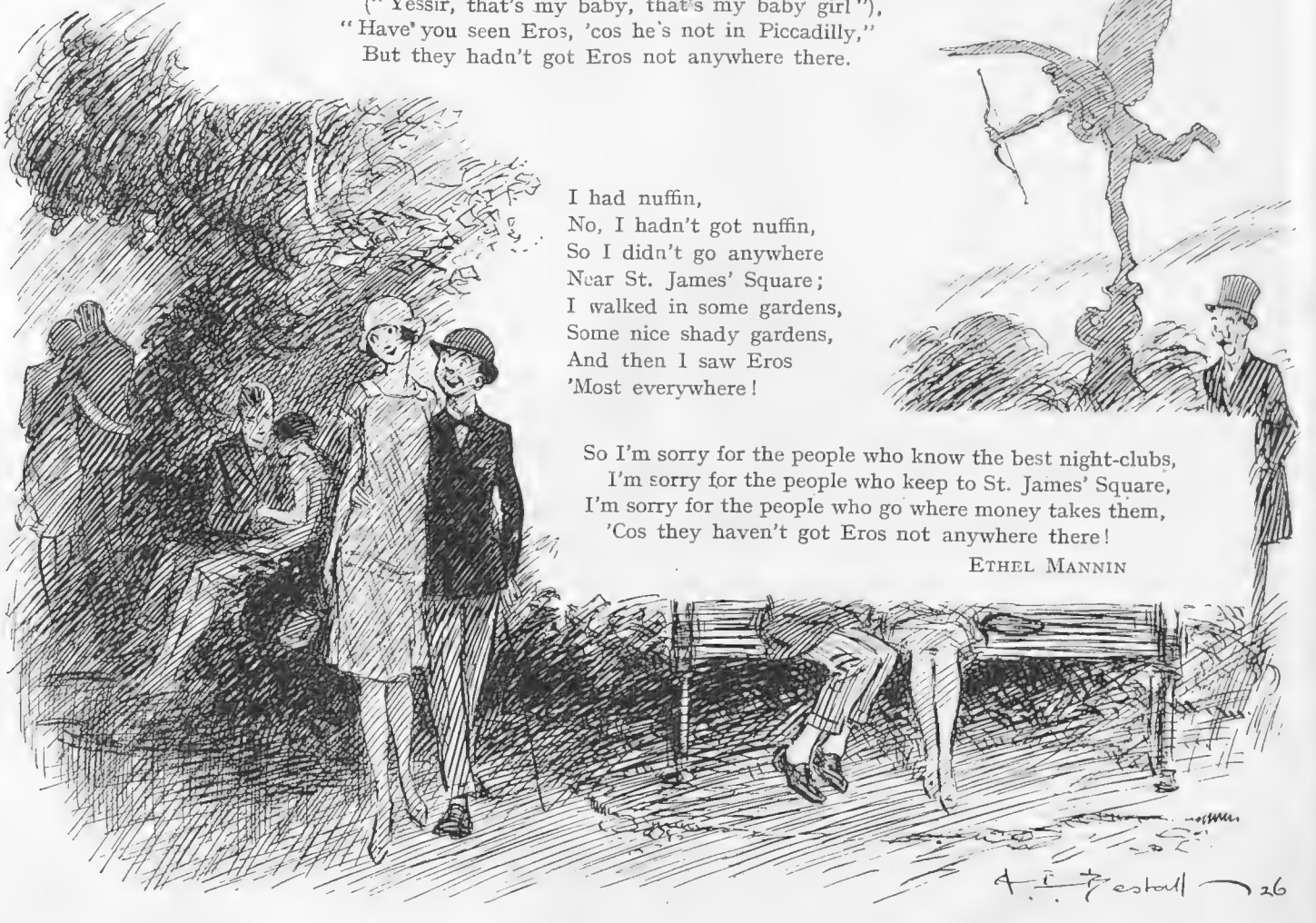


I FOUND A FIVER

(After A. A. Milne)

I found a fiver,
A nice crisp fiver;
I took it in my hand
To a night-club, where
If you've got a fiver,
A nice crisp fiver,
They don't mind
If you're not a member there.

So I went to the club where they all were dancing;
("Yessir, that's my baby, that's my baby girl"),
"Have you seen Eros, 'cos he's not in Piccadilly,"
But they hadn't got Eros not anywhere there.



I had nuffin,
No, I hadn't got nuffin,
So I didn't go anywhere
Near St. James' Square;
I walked in some gardens,
Some nice shady gardens,
And then I saw Eros
'Most everywhere!

So I'm sorry for the people who know the best night-clubs,
I'm sorry for the people who keep to St. James' Square,
I'm sorry for the people who go where money takes them,
'Cos they haven't got Eros not anywhere there!

ETHEL MANNIN

One could complacently face the engine and face the world in a hat with the beret idea and a tailleur of croisé de laine which has a detachable cape

To enliven the tedium of a long journey a natural coloured jersey de laine jumper suit takes to itself coloured bands and nonchalant "CravateLavalière"

A Raglan coat with the new cuffs in grey blue kasha is accompanied on its travels by a jumper of paler blue crêpe de chine banded with kasha

An enveloping cloak whose emphatic checks are dark and light red on beige is worn with a red poplin skirt and a poplin jumper, beige with a red scarf

"L'INVITATION AU VOYAGE"

What woman will be able to resist the call of the moor and the whistle of the "Flying Scotsman" when the versatility of modern fashion provides her with so many ways of looking her best en voyage

WE may live for to-day, but we must shop for to-morrow. Summer days, chiffon frocks, shady hats, iced champagne cup and parasols—how intrinsic and vital they seem, and how ephemeral and transitory they are, as illusory and quick to fade as a carefully applied schoolgirl complexion on a hot summer afternoon!

The wheel of the London season gathers momentum while "just rolling along," and the last month whirls past at such a rate that one is left breathless, and unless one has foresight, clothes-less among a debris of family "plans," innovation trunks and tissue paper, at the end of July.

If a woman wants to be heard she must have wit, but if she wants to be seen she must have grit, and be brave enough to consider all-wool stockings, tweeds and kashas and jersey cloths even in the midst of a heat wave, in preparation for the fun and frosts to come

THE FASCINATION OF CONTRAST

There are compensations. New and *quite different* clothes are much more fascinating than just new clothes. A woman never looks and feels so well in a flimsy frock as on the day after she has sent her furs to be stored; and a tailor-made and felt hat never seem so neat and chic and comfortingly becoming as the day she has despatched her floppy hats and diaphanous dresses to her poor relations in the Midlands.

And then there is the excitement of going away. Some people's idea of change is to do the same things somewhere else—perhaps. But there are moments when a pile of luggage evokes more emotion than a statue by Epstein and the buff back of Bradshaw is more thrilling than the yellow back of a French novel.

MODERN WOMAN'S OPPORTUNITIES

I don't think it is my imagination that modern clothes, especially tweeds and what are called "sports clothes," become more fascinating and versatile every year. In the past if one was going to Scotland, no matter how much one wanted to let oneself go there was nothing much to buy beyond the inevitable heather mixture worn with a prosaic blouse (the very word shrieks of dowdyism), a nondescript felt hat, with or without feather "mount." Women's clothes were like their lives, lacking in opportunities.

But most of the French and English houses now specialise in clothes for *le Sport*, and the tailor-mades designed for travelling, which make their appearance about this time of year are marvellous and ingenious combinations of the strictly practical with the eminently decorative.

And, so, Mesdames, make your preparations betimes so that you will be conscious that on your slim form and little shingled head as well as in your thirty-seven trunks are the latest and most attractive suitings and hattings, when London's season with its dying breath shall gasp "En voiture!"

SCOTTISH WEDDINGS

"Getting Married" over the Border

Below is a group taken after the wedding at Campbeltown of Mr. Douglas Neilson Reid, son and heir of Sir Hugh Reid, Bt., of Belmont Springburn, Glasgow, to Miss Margaret Brighton Young Maxtone, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Y. Maxtone of Tighnamare, Campbeltown. Mr. A. C. Macaulay was best man and Miss McIntosh, Miss Muridel and Miss Colville were bridesmaids

Scotland in London

Pipers of the bridegroom's regiment, the Cameron Highlanders, playing Major Ian Bruce and his bride, formerly Miss Joan Feilding, away from the church after their wedding

Below are Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Bruce. Mr. Bruce is the son of Mr. James P. Bruce of Carnoustie. His bride, formerly Miss Leila Gellatly, is the daughter of the late Mr. Gellatly of Rockhouse, Auchterardie

At Auchterardie

Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie

Mr. Richard K. L. Guthrie, son of the late Mr. R. C. Guthrie of Carnoustie House, Carnoustie, was married to Miss Delphie Maclean, daughter of Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Maclean of Ballechin, Perthshire, at Holy Trinity Church, Pitlochry

Miss Morrison (on the right) the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Scott Morrison of Rachan, Helensburgh, Dumbartonshire, is engaged to Major Charles A. Doherty, Royal Field Artillery

Lafayette

An Argyllshire wedding

Lafayette

Miss Lillie Morrison

"As he finished, there was a tap at the door. He took out a revolver ——"

THE THURMASTON PEARLS

Showing that even the most hardened crook may succumb to a woman's tears

By Holloway Horn

THE story of the Thurmaston Pearls resolves itself into a series of disjointed scenes which, cinema-like, must be fitted into a whole, if one is to obtain coherence and appreciate the part—creditable or not, as may be—that was played by that curious young man, Peter Mallory.

The pearls themselves were very beautiful. Legend has it that they were once the property of the frail, but exceeding fair, Duchess of Portsmouth; they had, however, been in the Thurmaston family for generations. There were conflicting estimates as to their value, but they were insured for twenty-five thousand pounds, and the insurance people have need to be very knowledgeable in these matters.

Lord Thurmaston was a bachelor of thirty-nine, and, since his mother had died ten years before, no one had worn the pearls. Nor was there any indication that my lord of Thurmaston was aught but satisfied with his bachelor state. He was one of the most eligible young men in London—when he was there, which wasn't often—but a bachelor, however eligible, who has reached thirty-nine is usually a hard case from the viewpoint of those who desire him to be wed. He was tall and broad and tanned, and not in the least like the popular idea of a lord. His were the clear blue eyes of a man accustomed to wide horizons.

But no man—or very few anyway—was meant to be a bachelor, and, therefore, it was fitting that his lordship should meet Susan Vanhusen.

This is not a love story—at least, not excessively so—and it is as well to get this part of it over. They met in Cannes, which is an excellent place for such a meeting. My lord thought Susan the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. In short, as the Americans themselves say, he fell for her. And he was never a man to do things by halves—when he fell, he fell.

The Vanhusens, in their way, were as proud and very much wealthier than the Thurmastons; and Susan hesitated. Ultimately, however, she agreed to marry him.

And married they were, there in Cannes, with the complete approval of Susan's father, John Vanhusen. Not that the lack of such approval would have deterred Susan, but John Vanhusen was, among other things, a millionaire, so it was just as well to act in conformity with his wishes.

It was a quiet wedding, but among those present was Peter Mallory, a friend of the Vanhusens. Mr. Vanhusen had very little use for Peter, but Susan thought him rather a dear. They had met him at Palm Beach, at Biarritz and in Bermuda. He appeared to have plenty of money, and, after all, John Vanhusen's insistence on work as necessary to a man's salvation was a matter that many might argue about.

Like most men who knew Susan, Peter Mallory was in love with her. But, unlike the others, he had never told her so. Susan knew it, of course—she wasn't a fool—and his silence had puzzled her. There was something *interesting* about him; one wondered. He claimed to be cosmopolitan, and said very witty things, with an American accent; it by no means follows, of course, that he was an American.

The morning Susan told him that she was going to marry Thurmaston he said nothing at all for perhaps half-a-minute.

"Well?" she demanded.

"I am . . . glad," he said, "He is a good fellow. You know, Susie, I wish you all the luck in the world. . . ."

She nodded, her eyes on his face. Strangely enough, he did not meet her eyes, but turned away.

But he was at the wedding, witty and debonair as ever.

The honeymoon was spent at Thurmaston Court, and, as honeymoons go, was very successful. But even during the honeymoon

her dainty ladyship found herself at odd intervals thinking of Peter Mallory. He was a puzzling man.

Never, you will remember, had he attempted to make love to Susan. Not at Palm Beach, nor at Biarritz, nor on the Terrace of the hotel at Cannes that evening, when, if truth be told, Susie had rather hoped that he would.

After the honeymoon, my lord and his lady went to London, which, in spite of everything, is, at certain times of the year, the most amusing place in the world.

There had been much coming and going in the big house in Mayfair, and all was ready for the new Lady Thurmaston when they took up residence. The plumbing was not quite up to her American standards, but it was a splendid old place, and pleased her. So did the Thurmaston pea s, which, at long last, had been brought from the banker's vault and deposited in the safe in the library.

She was wearing them the evening that Peter Mallory, among others, dined with them for the first time.

"Gee! Susie," he said to her when they were alone for a minute, "you look great!"

She smiled.

"You think I make a good Lady Thurmaston?"

"You would make a success of anything," he said enthusiastically.

And that night the pearls were stolen.

The safe was very big, very old and very solid. Lady Thurmaston had herself placed the pearls in it, and his lordship had closed and locked the door. The hour was then about twelve-fifteen; all their guests had departed.

At seven-twenty the following morning the maid found the safe open. Investigation showed that nearly everything of value had been taken.

The police were very efficient. They explained exactly how it had been done; the window on the ground floor, the inspector said, was in the nature of an open invitation.

"But the safe!" protested his lordship. "My grandfather had it built specially."

"Exactly!" said the inspector. "It was all right then. But a modern crook—Slippery Sam, say—would take about ten minutes to open it. As a matter of fact, it does look remarkably like Slippery Sam's work. He always did pick on houses like this, and usually after a ball or a dinner, such as you had last night. If he's on the warpath again. . . ."

* * *

Lady Thurmaston was naturally greatly distressed. To have worn those wonderful pearls *once*, and then to have lost them, was more than any woman could reasonably be expected to stand with fortitude.

Peter Mallory called after lunch. He was very sympathetic as Lady Thurmaston told him the story.

"May I see the safe?" he asked, when she had finished. "I know a bit about safes."

His lordship glanced at him curiously.

"Of course," said Susie. "Come on, Peter. I'll show it to you."

He examined it carefully; his host stood a few yards away still watching him with that mild curiosity.

"It is a neat bit of work," Peter said at length.

"The safe?" his lordship asked, for he was inclined to be annoyed with the flippant things which had been said about it.

"No! The opening of the safe."

While they were walking back from the library Peter Mallory noticed that Lady Thurmaston was almost in tears.

* * * *

A hundred yards or so from the Goswell Road stands an unpretentious house, of unquestioned, but not unquestionable respectability. On the evening following the robbery a man knocked at the front door.

Curiously enough, in such a respectable house, a light over the door was turned on, and unseen eyes surveyed the man who waited. An exclamation . . . guttural and amazed, and the door was opened.

"Come in!" a little fat man wheezed. "Glad to see you again, Sam."

The man entered and the door was closed.

Miss Wilmot on Watford

Sir Robert Wilmot's daughter exercising the winner of the Nottingham Spring Handicap. Miss Nora Wilmot trains for Mr. Lansdale Wilson and other owners at Binfield in Berkshire, and takes a very active part in the work

"It's years since we did business. I thought you must have croaked, Sam."

"No. I haven't croaked."

"Back in work?"

"Yep."

"Come on, then. Let's see what we can do for you. Times are bad, Sam, terrible bad."

"They always were, Ike."

He followed the fat man upstairs to a back room on the first floor.

"What 'ave you got?" the Jew demanded.

"Not much. But they are very nice."

From his pocket the newcomer took a jewel case and opened it. Inside gleamed an emerald pendant.

"Emeralds!" said the fence disparagingly, as he examined the stones.

"Yes, emeralds. And worth every penny of eight hundred."

"My dear Sam!" protested the other. "Why will you come here and talk to me as if I had a shop in Bond Street? Given the right market, I'd pay eight hundred. But have I, has any fence, the right market?"

"Of course you have."

"There's something different in you," the fence said, suddenly. He was scrutinising his client carefully.

"Ah! I see!" he went on in a relieved tone. "You've let your hair grow over that scar on your temple."

"I like my hair long. So you don't want the emeralds? I suppose, by the way, it was the Lynx who snaffled the Thurmaston pearls?"

"How should I know, Sam?"

Slippery Sam smiled. There had been but a momentary start in the fence; but it was enough.

"You're the one fence in London big enough to take them."

"I'm nervous about them. I don't like big things . . . identifiable things."

"I bet you got 'em for an old song, just as you want those emeralds."

"I'll give you four hundred, Sam, for old time's sake."

"You'd give a deuce of a lot for old time's sake," said the other, mockingly. "Go on then, and damn you!"

The fence grinned, took a key from his pocket, and turned to his safe.

As he did so the other sprang. One arm was round the old man in a vice-like grip; a chloroform pad was pressed over his mouth and nostrils. When, at length, his assailant released him, the fence sank into a huddled, inert mass on the floor.

The key had fallen from his grasp, but the stranger found it and opened the safe.

It was not the first time that Slippery Sam had seen the inside of that safe, and he went at once to the little cupboard behind the ledgers on the upper shelf. Therein he found several jewel cases, which he opened one after another. The last one contained a string of pearls.

Slippery Sam hesitated, but only for a moment, before he transferred the contents of these cases to his pocket. As he finished, there was a tap at the door.

He took out a revolver, and crossing silently to the door, flung it open.

"Hands up!" he said. "Ah! It's you, Simon. Your partner's asleep. Come inside. Come inside!" he repeated in a different tone. "You recognise the silencer on my gat? I'll shoot you like a rat if there's need. Now, come in, and stand by the window over there. Keep your hands up!"

The man whom Slippery Sam had called Simon very wisely did as he was ordered.

"Glad to meet you again, Simon," said Slippery Sam, with a grin. He felt behind him for the key in the lock. With a quick movement he was outside, and the door was locked.

* * * *

We will now turn to a happier and more civilised scene in the big drawing-room of a house a little to the north of Piccadilly. Lady Thurmaston having danced with Peter Mallory, was sitting with him on a low black Chesterfield.

Two days before, her pearls had been most mysteriously returned to her, in a

(*Continued on page* 676)

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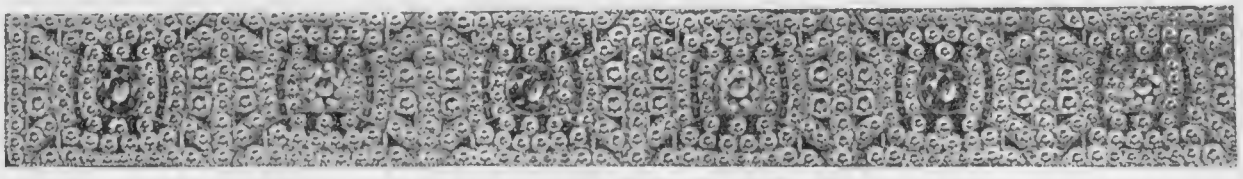

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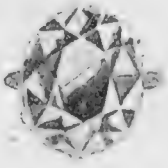

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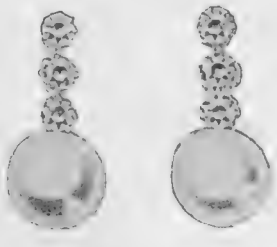

Pair of Pearl Button Earrings.

Specimen Emerald.

CONFETTI

A GOOD blend — Skittish and Scottish!

THE OBVIOUS

Eve's Scottish Number, all in thistles decked,
Quite naturally has an earnest shot
To give her readers, as they would expect,
Some entertaining sketches of A-scot!

SCOTSMEN are credited with having exceptionally good teeth. This no doubt results from their habit of biting sixpences.

AN English golfer never realises how bad he is until he has been round with a Scottish caddie.

SCOTLAND'S thrift has been lauded by her poets. Witness that old song about the bonny, bonny Banks of Loch Lomond!

BY the way, a holiday maker reports that he heard the notes of a banjulele on these famous banks. Which just shows how silly it is on these occasions to go out without a gun.

IT is incorrect to say that a Scot cannot enjoy his lunch without a corkscrew. Some brands are now fitted with glass stoppers.

SINCE Scotland is the home of some of our finest sportsmen it is all the more regrettable that several fine specimens of the haggis have been recently found poisoned.

A SCOTTISH piper in full kit has been playing for several weeks in the streets of certain London suburbs. The theory is that an ancestor of his was slain by an Englishman in a Border conflict.

"N.B."

(*Stands Scotland where she did?*—Shakespeare)

I LONG to hunt the pibroch fine,
And hail the haggis from afar,
To hear a Chiel in Auld Lang Syne
Spiering me with his "Hoot Awa!"
To see, when once I've crossed the Border,
Men dressed up like Sir Harry Lauder.

I pine to taste a sporran stewed,
An "ilka mon" I'd like to seek,
Or film a canny Hieland feud,
And hear their muckle bagpipes squeak;
At present—though perhaps you'd doubt it—
Scotland! I don't know much about it!

MANY complaints are caused by people kissing, a doctor tells us once again. This is especially the case when the husband or wife of one of the parties happens to come in at the wrong moment.

A SPEAKER at the International Vegetarian Congress said that human beings tend to become very like the food they eat. But, strange to say, there was hardly anyone there who bore the remotest resemblance to a nut!

New Arrival: "What is the game?"
Novice (brightly): "Tennis."

SCOTLAND is always up-to-date from the point of view of the fashionable dressmaker, but there is no truth in the rumour that kilts are to be worn shorter this year.

"WHAT English batting wants is more speed," writes a famous professional. That ought to be all right now that the Test team has a high-powered Carr.

IT is disclosed that books of postage stamps do not sell so well in Scotland as in England. Naturally! No Scotsman likes locking up his capital in a concern which declares no dividend.

A NEW YORK hotel has a daily paper of its own with an expert sporting feature. But the hotel staff still look to the Scottish visitors for the best tips!

GLASGOW has stopped its practical cookery classes owing to the coal trouble. It is, of course, desirable during these disputes to avoid any course that may generate heat.

"THE eyes are responsible for many human ills." This explains the case of the man who contracted a severe chill after looking at some seaside bathing photographs.

AN Englishman's main difficulty at a St. Andrew's Day banquet is to realise exactly how many r's there are in the words "Robert Burns."

AT some recent Civil Service Sports the obstacle race was won in dashing style by an Inland Revenue official. I hear it is proposed to appoint him tax collector in Aberdeen.

B.B.C. have arranged for a diver to broadcast from the bottom of the Thames. He will presumably give us some river-bedtime stories.

THE Postmaster-General says he does not believe that smoking in telephone boxes causes inconvenience. On the contrary, it stays the pangs of hunger and makes the time pass quite pleasantly.

THERE is a suggestion that loud speakers should be installed in the London parks. This has been tried for many years near the Marble Arch, and nobody seems any the worse.

SOME of the new frocks are trimmed with bars of music, says a fashion gossip. But it doesn't follow that you can pick them up for a song.

THE International Congress for the Prevention of Bribery was quite a tip-stop affair.

A BRITISH jazz band has been offered £34,000 to tour Australia. It is comforting to know there are still a few rich philanthropists in this country.

A NEW dress material is made of steel. In the prevailing mode for close-fitting frocks this stuff is specially suitable for women with a magnetic personality.

"CHAPERONS are coming in again," says a gossip. The difficulty, of course, begins when they insist on coming *out!*

THE obvious reason why the Australian team eat an apple a day is to keep up their *esprit de core!*

"MINERS defy Cook," says a headline. This is more than many husbands have the pluck to do!

ARTHUR TRISTRAM

On the road with a "Nippy Nine"

Do you realise how little it costs to run a 9/20 h.p. Rover?

Go where you like—start when you please. Revel in the pleasures of the open road. You can do it so economically on a 9/20 h.p. Rover. Over 10,000 miles (two years' running for many a motorist), the all-in cost is but 1¾d. per mile! We have compiled a comprehensive table of costs from data supplied by owners, and will gladly send you a copy, which shows that four passengers can be carried at a cost, each, of a

third of third-class railway fare!

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A fully-laden 4-seater model has covered 2007 miles on £5. Full report with pleasure.—9/20 h.p. Rover Cars, with four-wheel brakes, from £220

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD. 61 NEW BOND STREET, W.1. & COVENTRY

EVE at GOLF

By Eleanor E. Helme

THIS WEEK'S WINNER

Mrs. Kelway Bamber, who took the individual Quaich with 83, and the score competition in the Scottish Championship with 88 in a tempest

On the first day Miss Audrey Croft and Miss Proctor tied with 86, Miss Croft taking the first prize; and on the second day Miss Proctor had matters all her own way with 83, Mrs. McNair being second with 85. Miss Proctor also tied for the first handicap place each day; but not being eligible for two prizes, these went to Mrs. Cawston with 79 net and Mrs. Sutton with 76 net.

At Walton Heath

Lady Cholmondeley and her opponent, Mrs. Norman Craig, at Walton Heath. Lady Cholmondeley won by 5 and 3

MIDDLESEX MEETING

FOR once London golfers must take a distinct back seat whilst all the brave doings north of the Tweed are chronicled; but mention must just be made of those who took the scratch prizes at Fulwell in the Middlesex county meeting.

Lady Headfort

The captain of the Lords playing an approach shot. Her team was beaten by one point

After driving off

Mrs. Fitzroy Chapman, who played for the Lords, and Miss Barnes Gorell, a member of the Commons team

Fulwell won the Laidley shield with 336 net, and all the rest of the doughty deeds must appear when there is space for them inside the back cover of EVE.

SCOTTISH SCORING

And now to get back to Cruden Bay and all the thrills there, of which the foursomes part is fully described on pages 656-9. Nobody is ever allowed to be dull at the Scottish, and as soon as the foursomes were over there was a medal round planned and all sorts of side shows, which would raise money for local funds. In addition, some of the county champions clubbed together to present a prize for the best scratch aggragate on the Friday, Saturday and Monday. Honours on the Friday morning went to Miss M. J. Wood, who, after taking 46 to go out, came home in a really wonderful 36, and with 82 headed the list, Miss Joan Gow being next with 85. The driving competition produced many pence and a perfect orgy of hard hitting, all the young players being fully determined that they could hit a little bit farther than each other or than anybody else had ever done before. Eventually Miss Betty Inglis with 183 yards on to soft ground and with a strong cross wind

Lords v. Commons

Lady Betty Butler with Mrs. Robert Fleming, whom she beat by 5 and 3 in the Lords v. Commons annual match. Mrs. Robert Fleming captained the Commons

—carried off first place. Miss C. M. Park, in whom EVE takes special interest as runner-up in the Foursomes, won the one club competition with a marvellous score over four holes, and in short everything was merry as could be in spite of the cold, which certainly was not like June. On the Saturday things became comparatively serious, for there was the inter-club competition known as the Quaich, which, of course, produces many puns as to the feelings of those who come out to do battle for it. St. Rule carried off first honours, and it was their leading return of 83 from Mrs. Kelway Bamber which also took the miniature Quaich for the best individual score of the day, her 83 being a perfect model of consistency 43 out and 40 home. Miss Dempster followed her up with 86, Miss Audrey Kyle with 88 and Miss Montgomery with 90—total 347. It shows the quality of Mrs. Bamber's golf that other people were finding it sufficiently hard to keep under 90, for Miss Joan Gow with 85 was the only one to manage that for St. Nicholas, which was second with 357. Miss Wood and Miss Couper were both 87 for Gullane, third with 363, and Miss Hilda Cameron was 86 for Moray, who were fourth with 365. Miss Cameron's 38 home was a triumph of courage after taking 48 to go out. That was the story

(*Continued on page* 684)

CONGRATULATIONS OF THE WEEK

To Miss Molly Proctor on winning the second scratch prize the first day and the first scratch prize the second day in the Middlesex meeting

BRADLEY FURS AT SUMMER PRICES

JEAN
Black All-Silk Chiffon Velvet Evening Coat, lined and trimmed with white Rabbit worked as Ermine.
32 Gns.

ADELE
Evening Cape in black All-Silk Chiffon Velvet, lined and trimmed with white Rabbit worked as Ermine.
26 Gns.

ETHNE
Attractive Evening Wrap in Rich Brocade, lined and trimmed with Moleskin, 48 Gns.
Also, lined Sable-dyed Squirrel flank, trimmed with Sable-dyed Squirrel collar.
37 Gns.

ANN
A very effective Evening Cape in Velvet and Tinsel Brocade, with Fox collar and fur lining.
37 Gns.

JOAN
Cape for day or evening wear in fine Corded Silk, in black or colours, trimmed and lined throughout with Moleskin.
29 Gns.

COLD STORAGE FOR FURS

We strongly advise all owners of valuable furs to take advantage of our Cold Storage Service during the summer months. The cost is very small and includes insurance, risk of fire, burglary and damage by moth. For instance, the charge for a Stole valued at £20 is only 3/- for one year; for a long Coat valued at £50 only 9/-, or at £100, 16/6. Furs may be taken out of and returned to storage as often as desired without extra charge. Full particulars will be sent upon request.

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EVE'S SCOTTISH FOURSOMES (3rd YEAR)

The final stages at Cruden Bay, by Eleanor Helme

The finalists on the 14th green

ONCE more the Scottish Foursomes cups have remained on the right—that is to say, on the north—side of the border, this year in the possession of Miss M. Watt (Kilspindie) and Miss M. Park (Liberton), who, playing from 15, and accordingly, as it turned out, giving strokes in every one of their matches, came through by the sheer triumph of steadiness and a beautiful short game. There was nothing spectacular about their golf, but they kept religiously down the fairway, and the chips which Miss Park played up to the hole were a very model all the time. They were completed by excellent putting from Miss Watt, and that is the beginning and the end of the story. Cruden Bay is a big course, where there is every need to hit the ball hard and high, but it is no good going out for the big shots unless you are very sure of them, and so in the high wind of the semi-final day the big hitters were not quite good enough for what they attempted to do. Once more the cups have gone to a big handicap, and it yet remains for a Scottish

"They knew what they wanted"

The winners, Miss M. Watt (Kilspindie), and Miss M. Park (Liberton), with their cups

Semi-finalists: Miss K. Macdonald and Miss Hilda Cameron (Moray)

Seeing it out

The "gallery" going to the 4th green. On the left is Port Errol

In fact the light was so brilliant that some people complained of the glare and others noticed that a seagull flying over the hill cast a deep shadow on the gorse below it. Yet they call Scotland grey! The first match off was a great struggle, for it was fancied that Miss Doris Park and Mrs. Coats were going to

(*Continued on page* 658)

The runners-up

Miss M. Carmichael (Gullane) and Miss C. M. Park (Kilspindie), the young pair who, playing in their first final, were beaten one up

Miss McCulloch (West Kilbride), and Mrs. Neilson (Prestwick St. Nicholas), the other semi-finalists

internationalist to have her name engraven thereon. But at all events there has always been a Scottish player on the winning side, for which the rank and file may take great credit.

THIRD ROUND: WEDNESDAY MORNING

Never was there a more glorious day than the second one up at Cruden Bay. The sea was so blue that it might have been Brittany or Cornwall, an illusion heightened by the groups of scattered rocks out in the bay, and the sky was almost as blue as the sea—never a cloud in it.

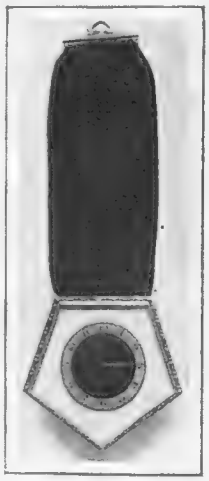
EVE'S SCOTTISH FOURSOMES

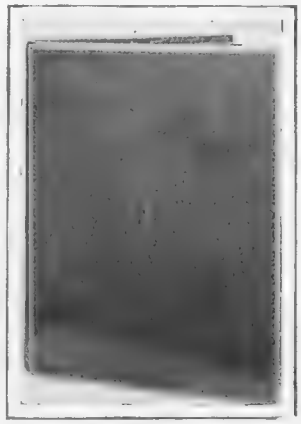
—continued from page 657

Mrs. Mellis (Aberdeen), Miss B. Inglis (Drumpellier), Miss Macdonald (Moray) and Miss Hilda Cameron (Moray) crossing the burn to the 6th green

be in the finals, the world at large possibly underrating Miss Watt and Miss M. Park because these had had a walk over on the previous day, so that nobody knew just how extraordinarily steady and effective they both were. In particular, Miss M. Park has been well repaid for all her trouble over the short game and her approaching might be a lesson to anybody. It was ding-dong most of the way, but when Miss Doris Park's side got one up at the 14th, where Miss M. Park had as nearly as possible holed a chip, it looked as if the former pair would be safe. But there was a woeful story of some short putts that went astray, and the lead quickly changed hands until Miss Watt and Miss M. Park, having won three successive holes, won their match 2 and 1. Behind them came the sensation of the day—in fact, of the week—the match between Miss Couper and Miss Lloyd Price, the holders, and Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson, who had preceded them in possession of the cups. After watching the powerful way in which Miss Couper slashes the ball off the tee, and knowing that she and her partner had beaten Miss Audrey Kyle's side the day before, it might have been possible to suppose that they would carry too much weight for Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson, whose golf is of the neat rather than gaudy style. Not a bit of it. At the very first hole it was Miss Irvine who had the better chip, and Miss Robertson who ran down an excellent putt for a "birdie" four, so that they started one up. They lost the second, but then away they went with a run, collected the next three holes while the others were exploring the sandhills, and by the 8th were five up. They lost the 9th, but the *débâcle* was not yet, for they steadied themselves and won the 10th, where Miss Couper failed to get out of a bunker behind the green. Then the holes began to slip away in that dreadful fashion which nearly always means an eventual win for the side which has been most down. The devastating effect on *morale* of losing four holes in succession might well have shaken Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson to the foundation. Shaken they evidently were, for they missed a tiny putt at the 16th when the holing of it would have made them dormy two. They lost the 17th, and so the match was square, with one hole to go. At the 18th, indeed, looked as if Miss Couper and Miss Lloyd Price were earning the reward of pluck and would win the match, for a putt from Miss Lloyd Price rolled on and on till only a blade of grass stood between them and victory. But that blade of grass was a tough one and there they sat. Equally tough was the courage of Miss Irvine, who holed a most missable putt of about a yard and a half, just shaving past, in fact cannoning off the ball and the blade as they hung together on the brink. Off they went on the long, long trail, fives at the 19th and fives at the 20th. There was a stroke to come at the 21st, but the disobliging rabbit who had dug a little hole for Miss Irvine's ball had not dug it sufficiently deep for there to be a drop without penalty, and all they could do with the stroke was to get a half. Neither side got their three at the 22nd, but who could blame them in such conditions of stress and exhaustion, for it was by then long past the hour when most reasonable folk were sitting down to lunch? The end came at the 23rd, where Miss Irvine once more ran down a good putt for the match.

There was a great struggle between Mrs. Mellis and Miss Betty Inglis and Miss H. Cameron and Miss Macdonald. Mrs. Mellis's side giving two strokes and having distinctly the better of the exchanges up to the 14th, which they won to be 2 up, Miss Cameron's long putt lipping the hole and staying outside. Whether it were the presence of some spectators, though these were entirely admiring (having the firm conviction that Miss Inglis will one day be Scottish champion), who knows? at all events she utterly missed her drive at the 15th, and Miss Cameron, who may possibly run Miss Inglis close in that race for highest Scottish honours, and





The next best thing

A shagreen blotting book, one of the prizes for the runners-up, and (left) a Pendella clock given to the semi-finalists

A sister foursome

Miss Joan Gow and Miss Joyce Gow (Prestwick St. Nicholas) with Miss S. Davidson and Miss E. Davidson (Aberdeen)

Miss Macdonald seized on their chance right nobly and got home on the last green. There was some good golf played by Miss Wilson and Miss Everard to defeat Mrs. Melrose Morrison and Miss Dundas, who had earned a great reputation as the vanquishers of Mrs. Watson and Miss Wood the day before. Then came Lady Alness and Miss Leetham, 2 up at the 7th and winning 3 and 2 from Mrs. Percy and Miss Strain. Mrs. F. Neilson and Miss Jean McCulloch behind them were having a desperate time, for Miss McCulloch struck her one bad round, so that the side might have been in deadly peril. Mrs. Neilson, however, instead of seeming dismayed at having to be the strong man of the party, rose magnificently to the occasion, played almost perfect golf, and so, though they were down all the way, they eventually struggled home by 2 and 1. Miss C. Park and Miss Carmichael, receiving three strokes from Miss Stenhouse and Miss Walker, got home 3 and 1, and so did the Misses Davidson, who won on the last green from the Gow sisters, who were giving them seven strokes.

A serious business

Miss G. W. Strain (Turnberry) confronted with an unpleasant lie by the burn towards the 6th green

The biter bit

Miss Glover caught out while photographing Miss Gray, Miss Buchanan, Miss Hair, and Miss Mack

FOURTH ROUND: WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

The day was so hot and the morning round had been so lengthy that there was quite a delay in starting for the afternoon, but when everybody did get to work there were indeed some mighty matches. Miss Irvine and Miss Robertson, the heroines of the morning's longest struggle, were getting three strokes from Miss Watt and Miss M. Park, and very courageously they fought not only their opponents' steadiness, but their own exceeding weariness. There were some very scintillating moments, such as that when Miss Irvine put a mashie shot two yards from the pin at the 7th and Miss Park replied by getting a blind chip from the sandhills inside that—stone dead. Not a bit dismayed, Miss Robertson ran down the putt. That was the sort of thing that went on the livelong afternoon between them, until eventually Miss Watt and Miss Park got home by 2 and 1. Miss Cameron and Miss Macdonald had a great struggle against Miss Wilson and Miss Everard, to whom they had to give three strokes. There always seemed to be something happening, which is certainly the essence of enjoyment for the onlookers, if not for the players. For instance, at the 5th Miss Macdonald ran down an excellent putt to reduce an adverse lead to one. At the 6th both Miss Cameron and Miss Everard recovered finely. So it went on till the match was square at the 12th. Miss Cameron and Miss Macdonald won the 13th, and it looked as if they ought also to win the 14th, where there was a stroke to come and where the others were bunkered off their tee shot. Particularly so did the hole seem safe when Miss Everard's side took two to get out of their bunker and played a really bad shot after doing so. But the others played one equally inefficient, and, taking a terrible number of putts, lost a hole which they should

(*Continued on page* 670)

A place in the sun

Miss K. S. Macdonald (Moray), Mrs. W. M. Mellis (Aberdeen), Miss Cameron (Moray), and Miss B. Inglis (Drumpellier) take a rest by the way

Photographs by Bassano and Yvonne Gregory

Varied are the alliances in the kingdom of millinery. Felt and manilla straw are present in the model above, shaded flowers increasing its charm

The use of crinoline with felt is a feature of the summer hats. The chef d'œuvre on the right is from Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge

Distinctly graceful is this evening wrap from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is fashioned of ruby red georgette, lined with shot gold tissue and trimmed with gold sequin embroidery

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT

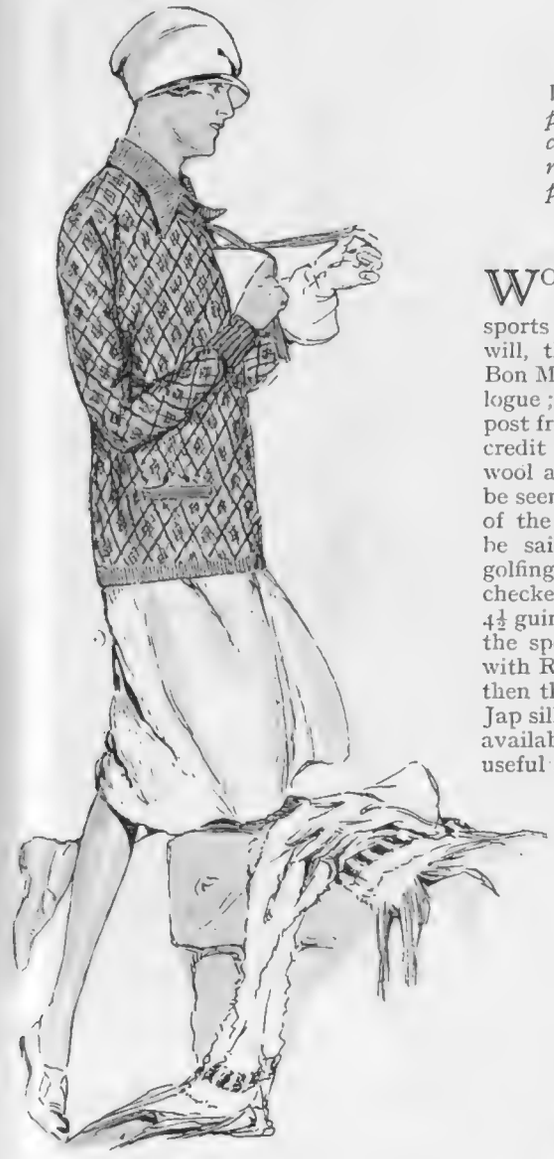
Fashion's fancies of the moment

Perfectly practical and marvellously decorative is this two-piece shantung bathing suit. It may be seen in the salons of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W.

EVE GOES SHOPPING

By M. E. Brooke

Wool makes the skirt of this desirable suit, and artificial silk and wool the jumper. It comes from the Bon Marché, of Liverpool



Valaze Beauty Treatments and preparations arrest with definite certainty the decay of beauty and rob the sun and wind of their power to injure the complexion

SPORTS CLOTHES

WOMEN are more particular than ever regarding their clothes for sports and country wear in general. They will, therefore, do well to write to the Bon Marché, of Liverpool, for their catalogue; it will be gladly sent gratis and post free. To this firm must be given the credit of the suit portrayed. Silk and wool are present in the jumper. As will be seen, the skirt is plain, while the cost of the suit is 79s. 6d. A few words must be said about Scotch wool three-piece golfing suits, the sleeveless cardigan being checked in contrasting colours. They are 4½ guineas. Wonderful value is present in the sports jumpers in fine Scotch wool, with Robespierre collars, for 12s. 6d., and then there are ivory rep skirts pleated in Jap silk lys for 18s. 6d. They are likewise available in tweed for this price. Ever so useful are the slip-on beige flannel coats.

"BEAUTY NEED NOT PASS"

ALL intelligent women will agree with Madame Helena Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W., that "beauty need not pass," and that it is quite possible to counteract the impressions that the fingers of Father Time would fain make on the faces of the majority. The skin must be cleansed and nourished and there is nothing that will accomplish this more successfully than the Valaze Pasteurised Cream (3s.). It should be used before retiring to rest. Then for conquering those really troublesome lines in the vicinity of the eyes, Anthosoros (5s. 6d.) must be used. It is a richly nourishing cream. No one welcomes the attention of the sun during the summer months, as his gifts usually take the form of freckles and sunburn. Valaze Sunproof Cream (3s. 6d.) prevents his bestowing them, and it is also an excellent foundation for powder.

This simple hat with neat little brim is built of gazelda de grain, while the hat on the right is of summer weight velour. At Henry Heath's, 109, Oxford Street, W.

BERETO OF GAZELDA DE GRAIN

A NEW fabric has made its debut, known by the name of "gazelda" de grain, and it is this that Henry Heath, 109, Oxford Street, W., has used for the hat of the beret persuasion in the centre of this page. It does not spot and will remain soft in all conditions of climate and treatment. The hat on the right with folded crown is expressed in summer weight velour, and although it boasts a ribbon trimming it is available for 49s. 6d. Either of these hats would be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. It seems almost needless to remark that this firm specialise in fur felt hats in all the fashionable shapes for 30s. Illustrations of these would be sent gratis and post free on request.

FACE-KEEPING LESSONS

LOST contours have an ageing effect, and realising this Madame Helen Rubinstein has arranged for half a guinea face-keeping treatment lessons. They teach women the art of giving themselves quick rejuvenating treatments in their own home. Every skin receives careful examination and is made to act if inactive, is soothed if harsh and tender, and is tautened if loose and out of condition, the pores are made fine and the colour fresh and clear.

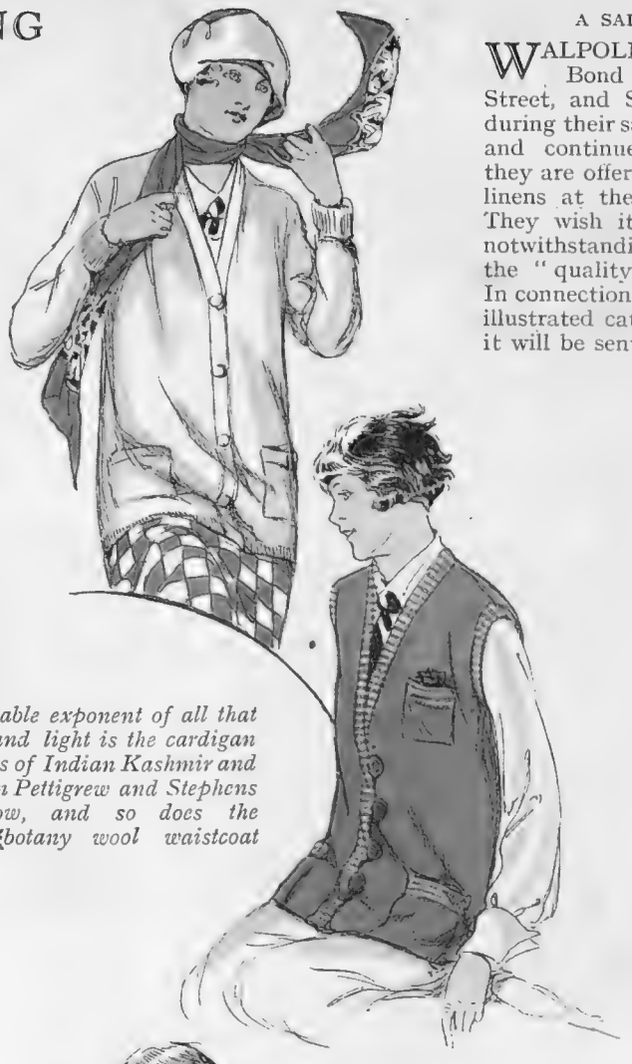
(*Continued on page* 662)

EVE GOES SHOPPING

—continued from page 661

CARDIGANS AND WAISTCOATS

THE name of Pettigrew and Stephens, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, is synonymous with all that is best in the domain of fashions for sports and country wear in general. They have contributed to this page the Indian Kashmir cardigan, which, in all the fashionable colours, is 79s. 6d.; it is as light as it is warm, but it is never oppressive as it is perfectly ventilated. A novelty is the sleeveless waistcoat outlined with a contrasting colour; surely every one will admit that the price is moderate when it is stated that it is 25s. 6d.; then there are lace stitch all-wool pull-overs in a basket design for 29s. 6d.; they are finished with a Robespierre collar and tie. Stockinette jumper suits, the skirts mounted on sateen camisoles, are 35s. 9d. As the holidays are within measurable distance, it must be related that the Glenelta hats of French felt are 15s.—this is the price post free in the United Kingdom.



An admirable exponent of all that is warm and light is the cardigan above; it is of Indian Kashmir and comes from Pettigrew and Stephens of Glasgow, and so does the brushed botany wool waistcoat

"XANTHA" FOR LINGERIE

IT really is to argue oneself a hopeless back number to admit that one has not made the acquaintance of Xantha, the ideal fabricating medium for beautiful lingerie. It is a ladder-proof knitted fabric woven entirely from Courtauld's artificial silk. It combines with an attractive appearance an exceptionally soft and supple texture, and it is available in an infinite variety of colours, and although it is 40 inches wide, it is only 7s. 11d. per yard. It is endowed with unique wearing and washing qualities. It is of this material that the pyjamas and skirt knickers portrayed on this page are destined to be made; the latter are trimmed with lace.

FRESH AS THE MORNING DEW

HOW often one hears the expression "fresh as the morning dew," nevertheless, it is seldom that dwellers in great cities enjoy it, for they are unable to bathe their faces in it. Even better than the morning dew is Elizabeth Arden's, (25, Old Bond Street, W.), Ardena Skin Tonic (3s. 6d. a bottle). The warm morning bathe is rather oppressive during the summer. All unpleasantness arising from it is overcome when the face and neck are freely bathed with this tonic. The freshness does not wear off, but lasts for many hours.

These pyjamas and skirt cami-knickers are destined to be fashioned of Xantha. It is a ladder-proof knitted fabric manufactured entirely from Courtauld's artificial silk

A SALE OF IRISH LINENS

WALPOLE BROTHERS, 89, New Bond Street, Kensington High Street, and Sloane Street, declare that during their sale, which is now in progress and continues until the end of July, they are offering their famous household linens at the lowest prices since 1914. They wish it to be made known that notwithstanding these unusual reductions the "quality" is the same as before. In connection with this event, a profusely illustrated catalogue has been prepared; it will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper. Among the many notable attractions are the hemstitched linen sheets which, for single bed size, are 22s. 9d. per pair, while French linen sheets, hemstitched and unlaundered, are 30s. per pair. Neither must it be overlooked that there are 150 dozen hemstitched linen pillow-cases for 3s. 11d. each. Reliable quality blankets with nicely raised surface and blue border (weight 6½ lb.) are 21s. per pair, while a limited number of under-blankets are 13s. 9d. per pair. Drastic reductions have likewise been made in the prices of the dresses; those of cotton georgette cut on slender lines, having tucks in skirt to give room for sports, are 25s. 9d., and there are others of striped cotton crêpe for 42s.

AN ARRAY OF BARGAINS

THE name of Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W., is one to conjure with in the world of dress, so it is indeed capital news that their summer sale begins on Wednesday, June 30, and continues throughout July. Even a casual glance through the catalogue will convince all and sundry that the reductions in the prices for everything are quite phenomenal. All Paris gowns and millinery have had their prices reduced to half. In the tea gown department there are tea frocks of crêpe de chine with flounce skirts and short sleeves for 55s. 9d.; they are primarily destined for the debutante, while for the woman of generous proportions there are printed crêpe de chine models of the cross-over persuasion for 98s. 6d. Ideal for warm weather wear are the breakfast frocks of printed cotton marocain for 45s. 9d.; crêpe de chine matinée jackets trimmed with lace are 35s. 9d. In the kingdom of tailor-mades there are 75 coats and skirts for 59s. 6d.; their prices a few days ago were from 98s. 6d. to 6½ guineas; repp jumper suits piped with ribbon are £5 18s. 6d. No one must leave these salons without visiting the department where fashions for the sports enthusiast reign supreme. There is an infinite variety of jumper sports coats and suits at incredibly moderate prices, they alone are worth a visit.

(*Continued on page 664*)

For the sunny days of summer

OF well-balanced happy medium weight—"THREE KNOTS" are the ideal hose for the sunny days of summer. Unmatched in the lustrous beauty of their texture, you will find them far beyond your fondest hopes in the wear and service they will give you. It is almost a crime to pay more, and a grave risk to pay less than the "THREE KNOTS" price.

British Throughout

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Per Pair

Seamed with fashioned marks or seamless

"Three Knots" REG'D

HOSIERY OF QUALITY

HG 18

RDLE & DAVENPORT LTD., Leek, Staffs. (First English Makers of Artificial Silk Hosiery)

Model No. 391, *suitable for the smart matron. A very handsome style, daintily finished and made of best broché and surgical elastic. Up to 36 in.* Price **55/-**

Style No. 217, *a brassière girdle designed for the average figure. Made of best broché with Milanaise brassière. Strong diaphragm support and correct boning at back, giving the desired fashionable line.* Price **21/-**

The Other Woman—

who radiates chic, ease and grace—has chosen her corsets with judgment. Firstly, they are "Treo," and not one "Treo" for wear all the day long, but several mode's each to suit the occasion. There is the light da nty model for evening wear, one for sports to give support with freedom and comfort, another for her tailor-made ensemble.

Features that are distinctly "Treo" bring great success to gowns, frocks and ensembles worn over this corset. There is a special "Treo" model for those with more mature figures—the "Treo" Flat-fashioned Back, included to give greater neatness, now so necessary in the mode of the fitted hip-line.

You should visit your corsetière and see the full range of "Treo" models.

TREO

Girdles and Brassière Girdles

Supplied by

Pettigrew & Stephens Ltd.
Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow

JUDD

EVE GOES SHOPPING

—continued from page 662

It is a Celes frock that is seen above. It is sojourning in the salons of Copland and Lye's, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow; and so is the artificial silk and wool double-breasted overblouse

FROM NORTH OF THE TWEED

THERE are some things that are familiar to every one, among them being the Celes frocks. They are available in remarkably good colour schemes, while their cut is *sans reproche*. Furthermore it is no exaggeration to state that they improve with washing. It is Copland and Lye, Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, who have contributed the model seen on this page. It is of a pretty bois de rose shade, piped with white, the tie being of ebon hue. It is £5 15s. 6d. Decidedly attractive is the overblouse pictured in artificial silk and wool on the right above. As will be seen, it is double-breasted and is pleasantly priced at 69s. 6d. As it always seems that of wool cardigans we can never have enough, it must be related that this firm is making a feature of thoroughly reliable affairs in all the fashionable colours for 23s. 11d.

A THOROUGHLY PRACTICAL GARMENT

ALL who have worn a Pet-a-Com are unanimous in their opinion that it is a thoroughly practical garment: it really is a petticoat and combination woven in one and can only be obtained from McDonalds, of Buchanan Street, Glasgow, and Harrogate. As it is woven in one piece, it is free from bands, gores or movable belts; there is not, in fact, any waist fullness to disturb the figure. In fine white llama pure wool, with apron tips trimmed with lace, they are 27s. 6d.

ARCOIR RUGS AND PINOLEUM SUNBLINDS

NOWHERE may there be seen a more representative collection of furniture for bungalows, country cottages and verandahs than at Williamson and Cole's, High Street, Clapham. Illustrated on this page is a pinoleum sunblind made up with pulley head and reefing cord (two nails or screws only are required for fixing). It is available in many sizes; 36 by 72 inches it is 5s. 11d. The cane seats and table also owe their origin to this firm. The colours are bronze, green, white and natural worked equally. Illustrations of other designs, together with prices, will be sent on application. Attention must be drawn to the arcoir rugs, as they are perfect for bungalows, house-boats, summer-houses, etc. Striped, 72 by 36 inches, they are 7s. 11d. Then there are Samoa rugs, the same size, from 17s. 11d. It must not be overlooked either that this firm specialises in nursery furniture. For instance there are children's wardrobes for 11 guineas, and toy cupboards with bookcase for £10, oval mirrors with white enamelled frames and bevelled edges are 32s. 6d., and bedside tables 12s. 11d. The catalogue, "The Home Beautiful," will be sent post free.

Thoroughly satisfactory in every respect is this verandah furniture, pinoleum sunblind and arcoir rug—at Williamson and Cole's, High Street, Clapham, S.W.

ULICK LTD.,

12 *New Burlington St.,*
Savile Row, W.1.

are showing on the 28th of June and onwards, an exclusive collection of

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cut on chic as well as practical lines. Included in the collection will be the latest designs in

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he Greatest Home Comfort of All!

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every domestic purpose in your Home

Hard Water Wastes—Soap, 50%; Soda, 80%; Tea, 30%. Hard Water Chokes Kettles, Hot Water Boilers, Hot Water Pipes with dense deposit.

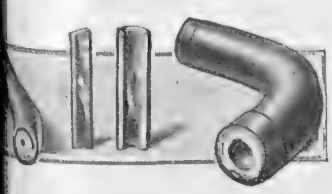
HEALTH! It irritates the skin, causes indigestion, aggravates matics, and predisposes to stone, gravel and kidney trouble

The
PERMUTIT
HOUSEHOLD WATER SOFTENER

LITTLE APPLIANCE THAT IS ALREADY INSTALLED OVER SIX THOUSAND BRITISH HOMES!

Fits on the Main ! Gives water like Rain !"

ED WATER SOFTENERS, LTD.,
Aldwych House, London, W.C.2



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"SOFT WATER IN THE HOME"
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What are You doing about it ?

EXCESSIVE underarm perspiration—the menace to every woman's daintiness !

Now you can be free from unsightly moisture and stain and from the objectionable odour which perspiration causes.

Odorono—a safe, antiseptic toilet water—corrects this trouble quickly, easily, without affecting the natural, healthful perspiration of the rest of the body.

Originally a physician's prescription, Odorono has become the accepted deodorant and perspiration corrective of more than three million people. Physicians and nurses everywhere use and prescribe it.

A clear liquid, Odorono is not sticky or greasy. Its mild but effective action immediately checks profuse perspiration and destroys all odour, leaving the underarm clean, dry and dainty.

One application of Odorono is effective for at least three days. Two applications a week will keep you *always* free from perspiration moisture and odour, protecting your blouses and frocks.

At all high-class chemists' and departmental stores, 1/6, 2/9 and 5/-, or sent post free.

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Send for sample—only 3d.

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Enclosed is 3d. in stamps. Please send me a sample of Odorono and your booklet, "A Frank Discussion of a subject every woman should understand."

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A GREAT TRADITION

Royal Copenhagen Porcelain at the Arts and Crafts Exhibition, Central Hall, Westminster

By Frank Davis

THERE was a time when every princeling in Europe was moving heaven and earth to establish a porcelain factory which would turn out figures and vases in the atrociously bad taste of the eighteenth century. Over-ornamented bad copies of Chinese originals, passable shapes ruined by festoons of gaudy flowers, beastly little baa-lambs and simpering shepherdesses were the ideals of the age. In England the Staffordshire potters, working in the humbler medium of earthenware, infused some native vigour into their art which the copyists of Bow and Chelsea never dreamt of doing. But it was reserved for Denmark to found the Royal Copenhagen Porcelain Manufactory in 1779, and to create its own tradition, which owes little or nothing to outside influences. Right from the very beginning Copenhagen figures are remarkable for their restraint and quiet realism as compared with the extravagance of, for example, contemporary Dresden or Sèvres. Where other potters took as their models the makebelieve of the fashionable painter—the cupids, the floral decoration, the gods and goddesses, the insincere humbug of courts—the Danish potter modelled his own people as he saw them going about their ordinary avocations. A few early experiments of the years 1780-1800 show traces of Dresden and Sèvres influence, but these mannerisms were soon dropped and the Copenhagen potters settled down to an unambitious naturalism in design, which, combined with remarkably perfect technical accomplishment, soon brought the factory to its present high position among European ateliers.

As an example of this early refusal to follow the prevailing taste one has only to mention the great table service made for the Empress Catherine II of Russia between the years 1790-1802.

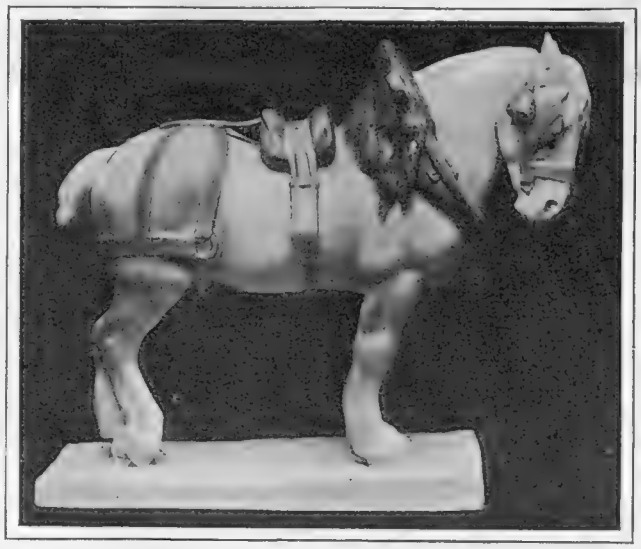
Sèvres had produced a magnificent service—750 pieces and costing about £13,200—for Catherine. This was finished in 1778. Wedgwood had already delivered one in 1774—950 pieces, depicting views of English scenery. The Copenhagen service was decorated throughout, in their natural colours, with the flowers and plants of Denmark, painted as carefully as the most accurate botanist could demand, based indeed upon the coloured illustrations of the volumes of the Flora Danica.

Catherine died in 1796, but the service was continued for another six years. By 1797 it was sufficient for 100 persons. Counting lids, bowls and stands as one piece, it totalled more than 2,000 separate pieces, all painted with a different plant.

Unlike too many old-established factories, Copenhagen was not content to reproduce the old patterns *ad infinitum*, though it should not be forgotten that the traditional blue and white "Danish" pattern, manufactured from the very first, is still an important product. One thousand different articles can be obtained in this pattern.

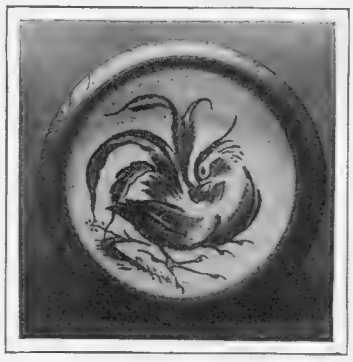
Visitors to the Exhibition of Decorative Arts, organised by the *Morning Post*, at the Central Hall, Westminster, will not fail to admire the new grey "crackled" porcelain vases and bowls. This porcelain was shown for the first time at the Paris Exhibition last year. Fig. 6 gives an idea of the boldly conceived pattern, but a monochrome illustration cannot reproduce

(*Continued on page* 684)



A horse, by Carl Bonnesen, decorated in underglaze in delicate tones of grey, blue and brown

This beautifully proportionod vase, with underglaze decoration, is by A. Boesen



A dish, by N. Tidemann, decorated in soft tones of grey, blue and gold

"The Moongirl," by Gerhard Henning, one of the most distinguished artists working for the factory

"The Opium Smoker," by A. Malinowski, has beautiful tones

A fine piece of work by Gerhard Henning, seen for the first time in England

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Busy people should use L'ORÉAL RAPID, obtainable from all Hairdressers and Department Stores. Small size (one large bottle) 4/- Large size (four small bottles) 5/6. When buying L'ORÉAL RAPID see that it is packed in a blue box. Beware of substitutes.

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Toilet Preparations *are not magical—*

THEY WON'T TRANSFORM YOUR SKIN OVERNIGHT

But if they dissolve and dislodge the dust in the pores, so that the pores can function properly—if they are absorbed by the skin and fill and lubricate the cells—if they stimulate circulation so that the skin is purified and nourished by the blood stream—then your skin will be clear, fine and smooth

THAT is the basis of the Elizabeth Arden method. It aims simply to co-operate with nature in restoring the creamy smoothness, the elastic firmness, of a naturally healthy skin.

Every Treatment in the Elizabeth Arden Salon begins with *Venetian Cleansing Cream.* This light fluffy cream melts down into the depths of the pores and removes all those impurities which cause blackheads and coarseness.

Then brisk patting—with *Ardena Skin Tonic* or *Special Astringent*—arouses the tissues of the face and neck, lifts and firms them, so that they cannot fall into a square flabby contour. Awakened by this stimulus the skin cells absorb eagerly the nourishment of *Venetian Orange Skin Food.* The delicate oils fill the cells and round them out, so that wrinkles and lines disappear.

Follow this same method in the care of your skin at home. A few minutes' care each morning and night will accomplish wonderful results for you.

ELIZABETH ARDEN'S *Venetian Toilet Preparations are on sale at smart shops everywhere*

Venetian Cleansing Cream. Dissolves and dislodges all impurities from the pores. Leaves the skin soft and receptive. Use night and morning and always after exposure. 4/6

Venetian Ardena Skin Tonic. Clears, firms and whitens the skin. A tonic and astringent that stimulates circulation. Used after Cleansing Cream. 3/6

Venetian Orange Skin Food. Builds up the skin tissues, fills out wrinkles and lines, strengthens sagging muscles. Excellent for a thin, lined or ageing face. 4/6

Venetian Pore Cream. A greaseless astringent cream that reduces enlarged pores, leaving the skin fine and smooth. Excellent for the treatment of blackheads. 4/6

Venetian Amoretta Cream. An exquisite protective cream, giving a smooth natural bloom to the skin. A becoming powder foundation. 4/6

Venetian Lille Lotion. Gives the skin a smooth silken bloom that does not rub off. Especially good for an oily skin. Six shades:—White, Cream, Naturelle, Special Rachel, Spanish Rachel, and Ocre. 6/6

Poudre d'Illusion. A powder of superb quality, fine, pure, adherent. *Illusion* (a peach blend), *Rachel, Ocre, Minerva, White* and *Banana*, a new shade. 12/6

Write for a copy of "THE QUEST OF THE BEAUTIFUL," *Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin according to her scientific method.*

ELIZABETH ARDEN

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"EVE'S" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES—*continued from page 659*

undoubtedly have won. That sort of occurrence very often turns the tide, but in this case it seemed to inspire the Moray pair to a supreme effort. At the 15th they reached the green, putted well and got a very pretty three, Miss Cameron's putt being particularly sound. After Miss Wilson had rolled a three-yarder into the hole with that beautiful old wooden putter of hers. There was excellent putting again at the 16th, where both were short; both played good chips and both ran down putts of exceedingly missable length for the half in three. It looked as if history might repeat itself at the 17th after a fine chip from Miss Everard, who had played well throughout; but this time Miss Wilson's putt stayed out and Miss Macdonald's went down for four, and there was the match to the Moray pair—2 and 1. Of Miss McCulloch and Mrs. F. G. Neilson's 4 and 3 win over Lady Alness and Miss Leetham there is not much to say. The Yorkshire pair lost their ball at the first and seemed somehow to be unnerved by that proceeding, for the others, playing excellently, went away with a run and were quickly 4 up. Miss McCulloch had got back her touch and Mrs. Neilson, though not so inspired as in the morning, still did all that was required of her. Particularly pleasing efforts were her beautiful mashie at the 6th, that plateau green which sits up behind a burn and various intriguing bunkers, and the excellent putt which she holed at the 7th. That was a specially valuable contribution to her side, for Miss Leetham had holed an affair of ten yards right across the green, so that it showed wonderfully steady nerve on the part of Mrs. Neilson to then run down a two-yarder. That putt seemed to steady Miss Leetham and Lady Alness, for they fell no further into arrears and died fighting bravely on the 15th green. Miss Sheila Davidson and her sister started by winning the first two holes against Miss C. Park and Miss Carmichael. Then they lost two, and after that had a great ding-dong match which was square at the 16th. They lost the 17th and the 18th as well, where Miss Park had a very fine drive. This young Miss Park is a fine hitter, and with a few more years of experience over her head she may well develop into a thoroughly reliable player, particularly when she has learnt to take wood through the green instead of relying merely on iron clubs. The fate of Mr. Simpson in the amateur at Muirfield ought to be a sad and moral lesson for all who think that they can get to the top of the tree with no club between a driver and an iron. That leaves too many gaps in the rungs up the ladder of fame and sooner or later any player is bound to fall between.

That was the end of Wednesday, so far as golf went, though the light up at Cruden Bay lasts till 11 o'clock and there is every temptation to go out and plag a third round—if only one could put on a fresh pair of feet for the proceeding!

THURSDAY MORNING: SEMI-FINALS

But the next morning summer had vanished. The wind blew from the north, upsetting all previous notions of what the shots were, and umbrellas, which turned outside in were a sad and common sight, whilst it was quite sufficiently hard work to walk round the course without attempting to play. Under the circumstances the golf was as good as could be expected. In particular it showed the value of steadiness and a beautiful short game, for, though Miss Cameron had a bigger range of shots than any of the other three players and Miss Macdonald putted excellently, the driving of the latter had deserted her, and Miss Watt and Miss M. Park, keeping steadily down the middle of the course, reaped their reward by 2 and 1. The steadier pair had two strokes to give, and at first there did not seem very much in it. But by the turn they were 2 up, and though a visit to the ditch cost them the 10th, a good run up from Miss Watt secured them their three at the 11th to be 2 up again. At the 12th Miss Macdonald sliced out of bounds, the easiest thing in the world to do, with the wind blowing off that turbulent grey sea, and they were 3 down. She made amends with a good chip and Miss Cameron had a good putt to halve the 13th, and then the Moray pair seemed to pull themselves together for a great effort, not unaided by the fact that Miss Watts' putts suddenly developed an unusual and distressing dislike of the hole. This fact, coupled with the stroke to be given at the 14th, cost Miss Watt and Miss Park that hole. At the 15th Miss Cameron put her tee shot right up the mountainous hill on the left; Miss Macdonald, having scrambled up somehow, played a truly wonderful shot down into the neighbourhood of the green, for which Miss Cameron rendered due thanks by putting a chip more or less dead; Miss Macdonald then holed the putt after Miss Watt's had gone in and out of the hole. That made Miss Watt and Miss Park only 1 up, and they halved the 16th, Miss Macdonald's putt staying out. At the 17th however the calmer judgment of experience just turned the scale, and Miss Watt and Miss Park entered the final by 2 and 1. Meanwhile there was a desperate struggle going on in the other semi-final, in which Miss McCulloch and Mrs. Neilson were giving four strokes to Miss C. Park and Miss Carmichael. They started off with a half, Mrs. Neilson playing a good chip which enabled them to get down in one putt. Miss McCulloch's side won the 2nd, but lost the 3rd, where there was a stroke to give, and also the 4th, where Miss Park played a very good shot up on to the green and they just lipped the hole for a two. Then Miss McCulloch put a clever chip absolutely to the brink of the hole to square the match at the 5th; but a bad putt from that player at the 6th and a good one from Miss Carmichael at the 7th gave both holes to the latter's side. Two down was the moment for something extra special from a player of Miss McCulloch's calibre, and she rose to the occasion by putting a magnificent tee shot three yards from the pin at the 8th. The hole measures 230 yards, so that there was no question of the excellence of the shot. But they lost the next three holes—a bunker, three putts, and an excellent putt from Miss Park, together with the giving of a stroke, being the story of those losses. Then, with their backs to the wall, Miss McCulloch and Mrs. Neilson fought desperately and appeared to be getting the deficit down to one at the 16th, when the others, who had already played the odd, holed out from the bents off the green. That was the last blow of fate, and they became dormy 2 down. Mrs. Neilson holed a grand putt to win the 17th, and when Miss Park and Miss Carmichael had played four shots and failed to reach the last green, with their opponents nicely down the course in two, it seemed as if a 19th hole must result. But Miss McCulloch's mashie, fearful of trouble beyond the green, was short, Mrs. Neilson with a run up failed to get over a big hump on the green, M McCulloch was again short with her putt, and eventually a half in 7 en the match in favour of Miss Park and Miss Carmichael. They had fou splendidly and undismayed against their more experienced opponents, a may take every credit for their win.

FINAL: THURSDAY EVENING

By the time the semi-finals were over, everybody was thoroughly damp blown to bits, and there seemed not the slightest chance of the weat abating. So, since there was plenty of time before the Scottish champi ship began, it was decided to leave the final until next morning, and everyb settled down for a peaceful afternoon of eating EVE chocolates and play bridge—or other games even more hilarious! Then, lo and behold, ab tea-time the rain suddenly stopped, and though the wind was blowing stif everybody felt that it was nothing to what it might do, and accordin as soon as the finalists had finished their tea they hastened to the ot variety and duly set off. There was only one slight shower, and the shone the rest of the time most deliciously.

Miss Watt and Miss M. Park had to give three strokes to Miss C. P and Miss Carmichael, and once again it was experience against prom Both had to hole good putts to halve the first hole, but a good run up fr Miss Carmichael gave her side a win at the second. They held on excellen to that slender lead with the aid of a stroke at the 3rd, and a beautiful fo yard putt from Miss C. Park for the half in three at the 4th. They played 5th really well and Miss M. Park had to hole a good putt to get the h At the 6th Miss Watt and Miss Park were lucky just to get over the bu which guards the green, but they followed it up with an excellent mas to win the hole and square the match. At the 7th there was a stroke to gi and an excursion into the country below the green did not help matte so that Miss C. Park and Miss Carmichael took the lead again, only to lose at the 8th, where there was a fluffed second. They both got down in o putt at the 9th for a half in five, and so turned square, but Miss C. Park a Miss Carmichael got the lead again at the 10th with a good chip from M Carmichael and one putt. Two more halves followed and then, from t point of view of the ultimate losers came the tragedy of the round. M Watt and Miss M. Park had been having various doings in the rough, whi the others, after a good drive, played discreetly short at the winding bu Then they topped the 3rd in, and eventually lost that hole to a figure wh shall not be mentioned here. At all events the match was square when ought to have been 2 up, and that was too serious a matter in a match so ding-dong a character as this one. The 14th, too, with their strok Miss C. Park and Miss Carmichael ought to have won, but they missed short putt and so only got a half in a figure that was certainly not wort of them. But it must be taken into consideration that all of them we tired and that your first final is always an exacting affair, when it is ve difficult to do yourself justice. Miss Watt and Miss M. Park won the 15 in a beautiful three, and so became 1 up for the first time of the rou They were square again at the 16th, where Miss Carmichael put a lov chip stone dead, but at the 17th Miss M. Park had a good approach, a winning that hole they became dormy 1. A half at the last settled a long putt of Miss M. Park's going into the hole and coming out again.

The captain of the Cruden Bay Club, Mrs. Mellis, presented the priz and received the most hearty and grateful thanks of both EVE and t competitors, who are truly appreciative of the delightful time Cruden B has given them. The aftermath of the strike notwithstanding, EVE's Scott Foursomes of 1926 must go down as by no means the least merry meeting the series.

THE DOGGY WORLD—*continued from page 650*

Hebrides. In any case, like the other varieties of Highland terriers, these do were used for generations for the destruction of vermin, and other forms sport; but unlike the other breeds they were of a very quarrelso and jealous disposition, and Mrs. Cameron Head, who has done so much the breed, tells us that these dogs "often quarrel even over their quar especially if the hunted beast is weaker than themselves; but against stronger foe they invariably unite, and back each other up, and will th fight to the death." The first regular "kennel" of these dogs was that Colonel Malcolm of Poltalloch, who exhibited them for some time as "Polt loch Terriers," and to whom is due the credit of obtaining recognition f them as a separate variety, thus bringing them into public notice. In 19 the Kennel Club gave them separate classification and added them to list of breeds. They are now one of the most popular breeds both on the sh bench and as "pals."

The Dandie Dinmont.—This little Scotchman, of course, sprang into such notoriety in 1814, with the publication of Sir Walter Scott's novel, "G Mannering," though long before that a breed of rough terriers had existe kept by the Border farmers and said to have originated from dogs brought fro the Continent by gipsies, some of them probably of Dachshund ty Dandies were first exhibited in 1861, and were soon greatly in demand.

No better "pal" exists for the "one dog" sportsman than a Dandie, he adapts himself to any form of sport. As Dandie Dinmont says "Guy Mannering": "They fear naething that ever came with a hairy on't." They have wonderful scenting powers, will work a hedgerow w great perseverance, and of course excel as rat hunters. They are most af tionate and devote themselves to one person. During the war and after, breed suffered and entries were poor; but owing to the good offices of Dandie Dinmont Club and its capable and energetic Hon. Secretary, M Simpson Shawe, it has practically regained its old position.

I have received for review an advance copy of the schedule of the Richm Show, to be held in the Athletic Grounds on Tuesday, July 13. Secretary and Manager is Captain E. T. Cox, the popular Chairman of Kennel Club Council of Representatives. This show, which is one of oldest of our outdoor "doggy functions," has been styled the "picnic sho and is always most perfectly engineered and most enjoyable. There are classes, popular judges, many challenge certificates and special prizes. W can the heart of an exhibitor desire more? Applications to Captain C "Riverside," Bridges Lane, Beddington, Croydon ('phone Croydon 2659), bring a schedule by return. Entries close on June 28.

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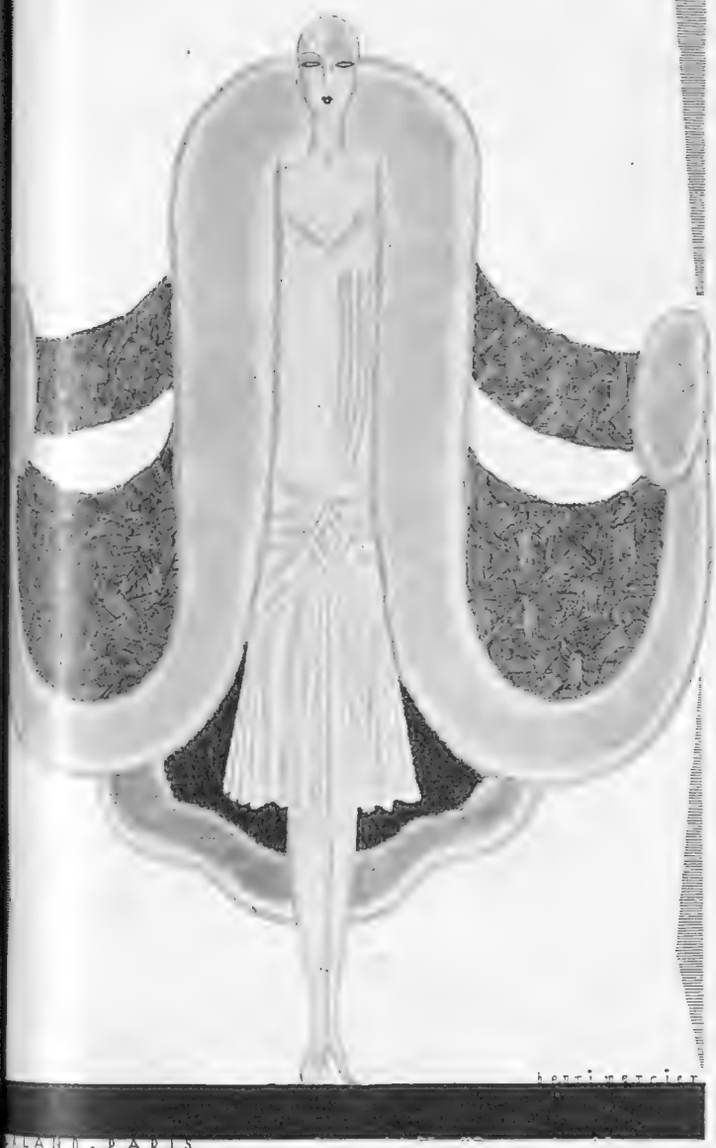

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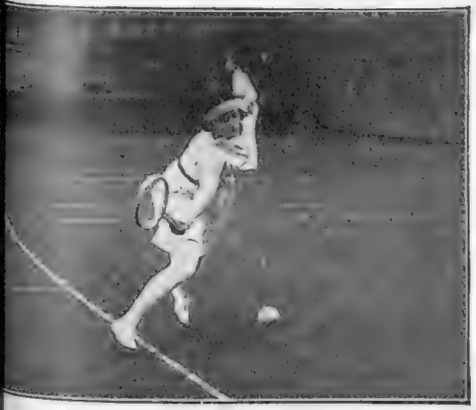

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Don't wash immediately after being outdoors: cleanse instead with the cooling, healing Valaze Pasteurized Cream and after removing any superfluity with a soft towel, powder lightly with Valaze Complexion Powder.
Don't leave the throat unprotected against the sun's attentions. Treat it, as well as the face, with Valaze Weatherproof Cream, and thus prevent soreness or ugly redness.
Don't neglect the skin round the eyes. Screwing up the eyes causes crowsfeet and wrinkles. Pat well in Valaze Perfection Cream before and after exposure, leaving just a trace round the eyes, under powder, while outdoors, if convenient.

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Jottings

A PRACTICAL GOLFING SUIT

ENGLISHWOMEN are always thoroughly practical in their choice of clothes for sports wear, and Burberrys, Haymarket, S.W., realising this, have designed the golf outfit illustrated on this page. It is made of mauve and green Saxony with a faint over-check, but, of course, other materials can be used, patterns of which will be sent on application. The skirt, which buttons down the side, can be left open when greater freedom is desired, revealing a neat pair of plus fours. This firm have long enjoyed a world-wide reputation for their tailored suits and coats and their "Retniw" weatherproof coats may be said to be indispensable in this variable climate of ours. They are admirably tailored and are particularly suitable for race meetings and other out-of-door functions.

A NEW COMPETITION

AN Austin Twelve "Windsor" Saloon with a year's licence paid and a year's free insurance policy, together with a cash gift of £150 for maintenance—it seems like a dream, yet this is the first prize offered by R. and J. Hill, Ltd., the manufacturers of the famous "Sunripe" and "Spinet" cigarettes in a new competition which they have just organised. There is no entrance fee, and no coupons are required, and besides the magnificent first prize already mentioned, there are 14 other prizes, including an Austin Twelve "Clifton" five-seater, a 5.50 h.p. "Triumph" Gloria Combination and twelve 4.94 h.p. "Triumph" Motor Cycles. Full particulars of this competition, which commenced on June 1 and is open till December 15, may be obtained from R. and J. Hill, Ltd., The Spinet House, 175, Shoreditch, London, E.1.

Perfectly tailored is this sports outfit. It has been designed and carried out by Burberrys, in the Haymarket, S.W., in mauve and green Saxony with a faint overcheck

# of Eve

The names and addresses of the prize-winn will be advertised in the National Press Tuesday, February 1, 1927.

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DURING the hot weather many people suf from overheating of the blood which oft gives rise to heat spots and blisters. Th who are troubled in this way should keep a bot of Dinneford's Fluid Magnesia by them. It is excellent thing for cooling the blood and keeping the internal organs properly tuned and can be taken with equal safety by adu and infants. Incidentally it is quite pleas to take, and if a few drops of lemon juice added to it it makes a most refreshing sum drink. It is sold by all chemists in 1/3 a 2/6 bottles, and is splendid in cases of acidit heartburn, headache and indigestion, etc. fact it has so many uses that any medic chest is really quite incompletely stock without a bottle of this invaluable medic

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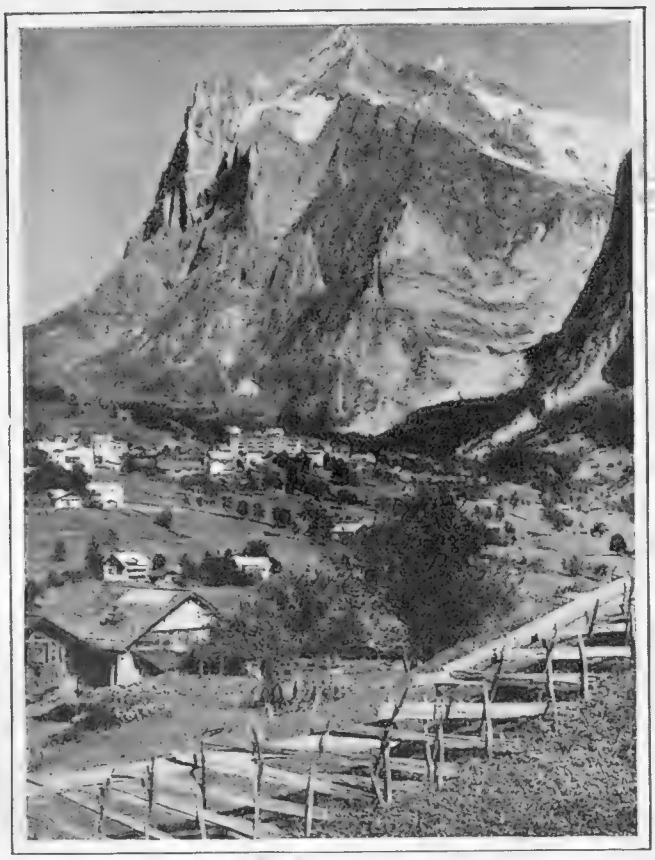

A typical Swiss scene

A view of Grindelwald with the Wetterhorn forming an imposing background

SUMMER HOLIDAYS IN SWITZERLAND

These two picturesque views of Swiss scenery cannot fail to appeal to those who are as yet undecided where to spend their summer holidays; and intending visitors to this delightful country should apply to the Swiss Federal Railways, Carlton House, 11b, Regent Street, S.W.1, for all the information they may require. Illustrated booklets, maps, hotel guides, fare lists and time-tables will be supplied free on application to the above address.

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It comes in a trim little gunmetal case with puff and mirror — Tangee Rouge Compact—the same colour magic in caked powder form, for your purse, to take with you and use when you go from daylight to artificial light. For then, you know, you always need more colour.

If you are tired of the usual make-up and would really like to be more lovely to-morrow . . . get these three friends of beauty to-day !

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See that you get the genuine Tangee Lipstick in a Gunmetal Case: beware of worthless products offered as Tangee.

THE THURMASTON PEARLS
—*continued from page 648*

registered parcel, without a note of any kind. A hundred theories had been advanced to account for them; but they were all very thin. It was mysterious, and beyond that one could not go. But there they were, gleaming, irridescent, on her lovely neck.

"What do you think about it, Peter?" she asked suddenly.

He shrugged his shoulders. "It must be your beauty," he said. "The thief was touched with remorse."

"Don't rot, Peter! Tell me what you think at once."

"He may have found it difficult to dispose of such well-known pearls, and suddenly lost his nerve. I believe they frequently do."

"After he had got away safely with them?" she said incredulously.

"It is very intriguing," he admitted. "Still, the main thing is that you have them back."

"It wasn't possible for Bob to have had a duplicate string made?" she asked. "There is nothing he wouldn't do for me, Peter."

"Hardly. Besides, the original case, you said, came too."

"Peter!" she exclaimed suddenly. "I've never noticed it before!"

He sat upright. "Noticed what?"

"Your hair had fallen back from your temple as you sat back. That scar . . . the red scar . . . you never told me about it . . . . You *are* a mysterious man!"

"One doesn't flaunt a scar," he said. "Either on the temple or the heart. . . ."

He met her eyes evenly.

"No," she said quietly. "I suppose not."

One of the judges at the International Horse Show at Olympia, where he has also entered several horses bred by him at Westchester, U.S.A. Mr. Bowman, who is a Canadian by birth, is President of the Bowman Biltmore Hotel group, the great American hotel combine

"Drops," for example, freely advocated to prove the brilliance and splendour of the temporarily, frequently contain atropine, wh familiar for its purpose of distending the pu (in most becoming fashion!) for the purpose examination, has a serious menace to the co tution, if used without medical supervision.

The gentleness of touch should be realised in such simple matters as the application of lotion-soaked cottonwool and the drying of skin afterwards. Cottonwool, again, is best the latter purpose, and even at all times, only softest of towels should be used. A great dea wrinkling, bagginess and other ugly condition the neighbourhood of the eyes is directly du carelessness in this particular during the e twenties, and before. And it is such a pity!

X. Y.

A GARDEN PARTY IN KENSINGTON

The Central Fund for the Industrial Welfare Tuberculous Persons is giving a Garden Party June 30, 3.30 to 6.30, at Aubrey House, Aub Walk, Kensington (by the courtesy of the Mi Alexander). Entrance and tea will be by invita cards supplied free on application to the Secret of the Central Fund, 41, Denison House, Vaux Bridge Road, S.W.1. The President, Lieut.-C Sir Wm. Furse, will speak on the work of old-established charity which cares for pers discharged from sanatoria, and has establishe workshop for fancy leather goods in the C where tuberculous ex-service men and civil work under medical supervision.

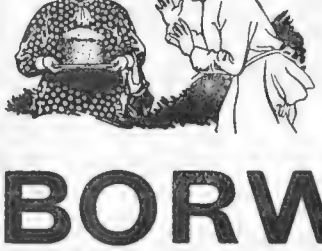
A demonstration by some of the workers mak the goods will be given at the fête and there also be an exhibition of the goods for sale.

The Central Fund's very practical scheme been crowned by the greatest success, and the re in the physical condition of the workers has ceeded medical hopes. There is, however, an urgent need for substa support in developing the work, so that other workshops may be provided is also proposed to start a wood-cutting factory as soon as sufficient funds available. The fancy leather goods made are of a high standard and prices very moderate. A permanent display of the goods can be seen at Central Fund Office, 41, Dennison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, where Secretary will be glad to answer any enquiries respecting the work.

MY FACE IS MY FORTUNE—
continued from page 668

lessness exists and that serious harm is done by the use of dangerous agencies for the beautifying of the eyes, or of those which, harmless in themselves for the skin to which they are dedicated, have a detrimental effect near to the eyes, which they are never intended to affect. Care, therefore, first of all in the choice of any preparation, and, secondly, in its application, is called for.

TIMELY TALKS, No. 5.



Cookey the Cook:

"How did you do it?"

Mrs. Plumduff: "Don't be jealous, I do the same as you—use Borwick's—and I always get the most tempting cakes and pastry—light as a feather and so delicious.'

Cookey the Cook: "And it's important to use good plain flour—not fancy flours—and add the baking powder at baking time. Nothing equals

BORWICK'S

BAKING POWDER

for successful and economical home-baking."

THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

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For SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

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No passport visas required by British tourists.

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AN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION FOR INLAND NAVIGATION AND UTILISATION OF HYDRAULIC POWER will be held in BALE from 1st July to 15th September, 1926.

NOTABLE WOMEN IN HISTORY

LADY GRIZEL COCHRANE

In the reign of James II, Sir James Cochrane of Ochiltree was arrested for being concerned in political troubles, and in 1685 lay in the Tolbooth under sentence of death pending the arrival in Edinburgh of the death warrant from London. Powerful influences were exercised to obtain his freedom and an appeal to the King's mercy had every likelihood of success. But the pardon could not arrive until a fortnight after the death warrant was expected, and once the latter was received it would be put into execution. In this emergency his youngest daughter Grizel, a girl of eighteen, played an heroic part. Disguising herself as a man she rode from Edinburgh to Berwick, and with a wonderful display of wit and courage, turned highwayman, held up the messenger and secured the mail bags. Having destroyed the warrant, she returned to Edinburgh without her identity being discovered. The delay thus obtained was successful and her father obtained his pardon.

In this instance the saying "delays are dangerous" did not hold good, but it does hold in connection with Life Assurance, and in nothing is delay more fatal. Moreover, in Lady Grizel's day it was an uncommon thing for a woman to play a man's part. To-day, however, women are sharing with men all the avocations of life and to them also the great benefits of Life Assurance are a necessity.

The Standard has a special department for Women's Assurance.

Write to-day for a copy of booklet "AN. 8" "WOMEN AND LIFE ASSURANCE"

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Women's Department,
Standard Life Assurance Company,
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The Transformation is supplied in natural wavy hair, price from 15 Guineas. Toupet, for front and top of head only, from 7 Guineas. Shingled Headdress from 20 Guineas.

A "NICOL" TRANSFORMATION IS WORTHY OF ATTENTION.

THE Maison Nicol Transformations stand for all that is most desirable in postiche. By reason of their great beauty, naturalness and utility they have attained the highest distinction, and are separated from all others by their immeasurable superiority.

Ladies' own hair permanently waved by our perfected process which dispenses with the use of electric heaters. Charming results ensured.

Mr. David Nicol would be pleased to advise you personally with regard to any difficulties you may have with your hair.

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OUR INSTALMENT PLAN OF PAYMENT IS AVAILABLE IF PREFERRED

EVE AT GOLF—*continued from page 654*

of Saturday. Sunday had many pleasant happenings, of which the chronicles need not be written here; but on Monday we woke to a tempest of wind and rain, not to mention biting cold. They were altogether unpropitious conditions for a score competition; some competitors decided not to go out at all, some said it was the perishing limit—and who shall say the ladies were not describing a literal fact?—whilst others said it was "really rather fun." The person who must surely have felt it more than "rather" fun was Mrs. Bamber, for once more she headed the list, and her 88 in those conditions of wind and rain wss certainly a far finer performance than her 83 of the Saturday. Never once did she exceed her ration in the matter of putt and only at one hole had she any reason for anxiety. That was at the 13th, where the wind was so strong that she took 4 to cross the burn, and had to get down in one putt for an 8. At all events, 7 represented par in that wind, so it was not really such a terrible occurrence. Her 43 out and 45 home were models of what score play should be, thoughtful golf without being pawky. Miss Hilda Cameron did splendidly to be second with 90, and Mrs. Burnside's 92, and Mrs. Mellis', Miss McCulloch's and Miss Couper's 93's were wonderfully good in such a storm. The scratch aggregate for the three days was won by Miss Hilda Cameron, a very fine performance for a young player, since consistency is not supposed to be one of the virtues of youth.

Monday evening saw an entirely delightful little entertainment by competitors. The Misses Gow were inimitably funny in two duologues, whilst the dancing of others brought down the house.

NIGHTS OUT—*continued from page 615*

Philippa. "Americans really grown in America, or just *sincere* Americans?"

"It must be sickening for Americans to have to come so many thousands of miles to their bars." Eve came to the rescue.

"Ghastly. But this is the *real* thing, you can get all the pucker American drinks with a real kick."

"Fancy!" said Philippa.

"You're in a very exasperating mood to-night."

"Me?" questioned Philippa innocently. "Oh no, Freddie dear! *Do* take me to see the genuine Americans drinking the real thing and getting the kick or whatever you said!"

After that Freddie wouldn't talk to her any more and was very sweet to Eve so Philippa turned her *ingénue* expression on William. He had a prejudice against a man sitting at the next table.

"What I don't like about him," he said, "is that we've been introduced several times and when it suits him to know me he does and when it doesn't suit him he doesn't know me."

"Fancy!" said Philippa, "I've always rather liked him because, although we've never been introduced, he always knows me."

"In that case, young woman," said William, with his large laugh, "I think it's time we took you home to your mother, especially as you'll have a long day at Ascot to-morrow."

TALKING ABOUT BOOKS—*continued from page 636*

are included in "The Travellers' Library"—as delightful a collection of books which everyone should read on their holiday or elsewhere. I don't know why it is supposed that only eighty per cent. "trash" can pass agreeably the longest railway journey, or, at any rate, third-rate fiction. This new Mencken volume would be a far wiser choice for anyone. And, moreover, it is eighty-per-cent. wise. And the other twenty per cent. is one big chortle of amusement. But most women, and certainly no conventional person of either sex, will approve of the joke—since so often it is against themselves.

A CLEVER STORY

"The Perennial Bachelor" is a very clever study of rather a hopeless family. I write "hopeless," because I can think of no other epithet which better explains a number of women giving up, each in her turn, her one chance of happiness for the sake of a pampered man, who would have been best served by being kicked out of the home as a boy. But his mother gives up the idea of making a happy marriage because her only son, Victor, screams at the idea of a step-father. His sisters give up their lives to him, and lose thereby all the joy which might have been theirs. One hates Victor at last, and yet there is no denying the cleverness with which Anne Parrish has drawn his selfishness and the pitiful outcome, or shall we say "hopeless stupidity"? which, giving way to this selfishness, resulted for those who gave way for its sake. But the number of violent deaths which occur to most of the characters rather rob the story of that sense of pity which should be its great effect. One very nearly smiles at last, and one shouldn't smile at a man being killed by an accident; a mother dying from tainted mushrooms; a suicide in a bath-tub; cancer and several other sudden and appalling tragedies. But it is a well written and interesting story apart from this small holocaust.

EVE GOES FISHING—*continued from page 625*

of sound he drew from his violin was astounding, but it used to seem as if he were deliberately indifferent to the tremendous emotional and intellectual effect he had upon his audiences. Now his music is ineffably sweet, as perfect technically as ever, even more moving, and there is still that strange aloofness, but its quality has been translated. He has changed. Much of the vigour of his personality and music has gone with the darkness of his hair and moustache, seems a smaller man physically, and surely there is something in the expression of that quiet, grey face. It is as if he knew little everything means, even art, even success. He says nothi this; there is reserve even in his bows, but his violin says te much.

Something of this was felt at the party in Lady Beecham's Louis rooms. While he played no one looked to see who was there or they wore. They were just Kreisler's audience. But when he finished, back they came to the social plane.

If race means anything, probably the Austrian Minister an party, who were visibly moved, understood better than anyon meaning of the new Kreisler.

Princess Louise, Duchess of Argyll was there and the two se young Swedish princes. The Duchess of Portland, who was o the Royal party at Windsor for Ascot, was one of Lady Beech guests. Lady Swaythling was in gold lace with diamond coml her masses of chestnut hair, Lady Desborough in silver, Prince Princess Obelensky, and Lady Chamberlain. The Duchess of A and the Countess of Shaftesbury were two more of the women wore gold, which, if it is not in our purses is ever within sight season.

"ONCE ABOARD THE LUGGER——"

It will be a relief to get away and put on tweeds or white d Already people are talking about Cowes and Scotland. Mrs. Bullough (Lily Elsie) and her husband are going up as soon as the se is over, to Loch Glenlyon in Perthshire which is on a deer fo so that there is very good stalking there later on, as well as excel fishing, and the scenery is the most lovely imaginable.

Already Lord Birkenhead and his younger daughter, Pamela, es for week-ends to his yacht to *Maire* which he designed him They have in common not only their love of yachting but a pas for crime fiction. Long live Edgar Wallace!

A GREAT TRADITION—*continued from page 666*

the extreme delicacy of the soft grey, blue and gold colouring. dish is by N. Tidemann.

Fig. 4—seen for the first time in England—is by Gerhard Hen who is probably the most distinguished of the little band of artists workin the factory.

Fig. 1—"The Opium Smoker"—is by Malinowski. One cannot fa notice the restraint with which definitely Chinese inspiration is translated something which could only come from a Scandinavian country. The t are beautiful, but faulty modelling at Copenhagen is evidently not allowe be concealed by a brilliant splash of colour.

Figs. 3 and 2 are examples of work that is perhaps more generally associ with Copenhagen than any other of its products. Both are under decoration (in underglaze decoration only a limited colour scheme is poss and carried out in the delicate tones of grey, blue and brown, for w the factory is famous. The vase, of admirable proportions, showing a n harbour scene, is by A. Boesen. The horse is by Carl Bonnesen.

Every piece that issues from the works is marked with the famous tr mark of the three wavy lines in blue, devised by the founder Queen Jul Marie as representing the three waterways of Denmark—Oresund, Store (between Sjaelland and Fyen) and Lillebelt (between Fyen and Jutland).

It remains to mention a most interesting development in the shap faience, introduced by Christian Joachim. This richly coloured ware already achieved great popularity—mostly, strange to say, outside Denm It is reminiscent of sixteenth century Italian faience in richness and de of colouring, while at the same time the designs are simply conceived carried out with due restraint. Owing to the wide range of its colour sch it achieves a warmth and cheerfulness not usually associated with a nort climate.

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"RANEE" has proved to "EVE'S" satisfaction, by a practical test, that her pseudonym conceals the identity of a woman with an unusual flair for delineating character from handwriting. The services of "Ranee" are therefore placed at the disposal of the readers of "EVE" in the belief that her character-reading will be found instructive and entertaining. All that "Ranee" requires is (1) a specimen of your handwriting; (2) your name and address in full; (3) the day and month of your birth, and (4) the colour of your eyes and hair. Write these down on a piece of paper, address your envelope to "Ranee," c/o EVE, 6, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, E.C.4, and enclose an open postal order to the value of One Shilling and a stamped addressed envelope for reply. In due course "Ranee" will send you a typewritten delineation of your character.